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A true Roman Tragedy.

With the severall Songs in their apt places, by *Valerius* the merry Lord among the Roman Peeres.

The Copy revised, and sundry Songs before omitted, now inserted in their right places.

Acted by Her Majesties Servants at the *Red-Bull.*

The fifth Impression.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON,
Printed by *Iohn Raworth*, for *Nathaniel Butter.*
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To the Reader.

IT hath been no cuſtome in me of all other men (courteous Reader) to commit my Playes to the Preſſe: the reaſon though ſome may attribute to my owne inſufficiency, I had rather ſubſcribe, in that, to their ſeveare cenſure, then by ſeeking to avoyd the imputation of weakeneſſe, to incurre greater ſuſpition of honeſty, for though ſome have uſed a double ſale of their labours, firſt to the Stage, and after to the Preſſe; For my owne part, I here proclaime my ſelfe euer faithfull in the firſt, and never guilty of the laſt: yet ſince ſome of my Playes have (unknowne to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printers hands, and therefore ſo corrupt and mangled, copied onely by the eare, that I have beene as unable to know them, as aſhamed to challenge them. This therefore I was the willinger to furniſh out in his native habit: firſt being by conſent, next becauſe the reſt have been ſo wronged, in being publiſht in ſuch ſavage and ragged ornaments: Accept it courteous Gentlemen, and proove as favourable Readers as we have found you gracious Auditors.

Yours, T. H.

Dramatis Personæ.

Servius	King of *Rome.*
Tarquin	The proud.
Tullia	Wife of *Tarquin Superbus.*
Aruns }	the two Sonnes of *Tarquin.*
Sextus }	
Brutus Junior	
Colatinus	
Horatius Cocles.	
Mutius Scevola	
Lucretius	
Porsenna	King of the *Tuscans.*
Porsenna's	Secretary.
Pub. Valerius	
The Priest of *Apollo.*	
2. *Centinels*	
Lucretia ravisht by *Sextus*	
Mirabile	*Lucretius* Maid.
The Clowne.	

THE

The Rape of *Lucrece*.

SENATE.

Enter Tarquin Superbus, Sextus Tarquinius, Tullia, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius, Poplicola, and Senators before them.

Tul. Withdraw! we must have private confe-
With our deere husband (rence
Tar. What would'd thou wife?
Tul. Be what I am not, make thee greater
Then thou canst aime to be (farre
Tar. Why, I am *Tarquin*.
Tul. And I *Tullia*, what of that?
What Diapasons, more in *Tarquins* name
Then in a Subjects? or what's *Tullia*
More in the sound, then to become the name
Of a poore maid or waiting Gentlewoman?
I am a Princesse both by birth and thoughts,
Yet all's but *Tullia*, ther's no resonance
In a bare stile: my title beates no breadth;
Nor hath it any state: oh me, im'e sicke!
Tar. Sicke Lady?
Tul. Sicke at heart.
Tar. Why my sweet *Tullia*?
Tul. To be a queen I long, long, and am sicke:
With ardency my hot appetite's a fire,
Till my swolne server be delivered
Of that great title queene, my heart's all Royall,
Not to be circumscribed in servile bounds,

While there's a King that rules the People of *Rome*.
Tarquin makes legs, and *Tullia* curtsies low,
Bowes at each nod, and must not nerve the state
Without obeysance, oh! I hate this awe, my proud heart can-
not brook it.

Tar. Heare me wife.

Tul. I am no wife of *Tarquins* if not King:
Oh had *Iove* made me man, I would have mounted
Above the base tribunals of the earth,
Vp to the Clouds, for pompous soveraignty.
Thou art a man, oh bare my royall mind,
Mount heaven, and see if *Tullia* lag behinde,
There is no earth in me, I am all fire,
Were *Tarquin* so, then should we both aspire.

Tar. Oh *Tullia*, though my body taste of dulnesse,
My soule is wing'd, to soare as high as thine,
But marke what flags our wings; fourty five yeeres
The King thy father hath protected *Rome*.

Tul. That makes for us: the people covet change,
Even the best things in time grow tedious.

Tar. T'would seeme unnaturall in thee, my *Tullia*,
The reverend King, thy father to depose.

Tul. A kingdoms quest, makes sonnes and fathers foes.

Tar. And but by *Servius* fall me cannot climbe,
The balme that must anoint us is his blood.

Tul. Lets lave our browes then in that crimson flood;
We must be bold and dreadlesse: who aspires,
Mounts by the lives of Fathers, Sons, and Sires.

Tar. And so must I, since for a kingdomes love,
Thou canst despise a Father for a Crowne.
Tarquin shall mount, *Servius* be tumbled downe,
For he usurps my state, and first deposd
My father in my swathed infancy,
For which he shall be countant: to this end
I have sounded all the Peeres and Senators,
And though unknowne to thee my *Tullia*,
They all imbrace my faction; and for they
Love change of state, a new King to obey.

Tul.

Tul. Now is my *Tarquin* worthy *Tullias* grace,
Since in my armes, I thus a King embrace.
Tar. The King should meet this day in Parlament
With all the Senate and Estates of *Rome*,
His place will I assume, and there proclaime,
All our decrees in Royall *Tarquins* name. *Florish.*

Enter Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius, Collatine and Senators.

Luc. May it please thee noble *Tarquin* to attend
The King this day in the high Capitoll?
Tul. Attend?
Tar. We iutend this day to see the Capitoll.
You knew our Father good *Lucretius*:
Luc. I did my Lord.
Tar. Was not I his Son?
The Queen my mother was of royall thoughts
And pure heart, as unblemisht innocence.
Luc. What askes my Lord?
Tar. Sonnes should succeed their fathers, but anon
You shall heare more, high time that we were gone. *Florish.*

Exeunt: Manet Collatine and Valerius.

Col. Ther's morall sure in this, *Valerius*.
Heeres medell, yea, and matter too to breed
Strange Meditations in the provident braines
Of our grave Fathers: some strange project lives
This day in Cradle that's but newly borne.
Val. No doubt *Colatine* no doubt, heres a giddy and drunken world, it Reeles, it hath got the staggers, the commonwealth is sicke of an Ague, of which nothing can cure her but some violent and sudden affrightment.
Col. The wife of *Tarquin* would be a Queen, nay of my life she is with childe till she be so.
Val. And longs to be brought to bed of a Kingdome, I divine, we shall see some scuffling to day in the Capitoll.
Col. If there be any difference among the Princes and Senate, whose faction will *Valerius* follow?
Val. Oh *Collatine*, I am a true Citizen, and in this I will best shew my selfe to be one, to take part with the strongest.

If *Servius* overcome, I am Liegeman to *Servius*, and if *Tarquin* subdue, I am for *vive Tarquinius*.

Col. Valerius, no more, this talke does but keep us from the sight of this solemnity: by this the Princes are sitting the Capitoll: come, we must attend. *Exeunt*

SENATE.

Tarquin, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius one way: Brutus meeting them the other may very humorously.

Tar. This place is not for fooles, this parliament
Assembles not the strainer of Identisme,
Onely the grave and wisest of the Land:
Important are th'affaires we have in hand.
Hence with that Mome.

Luc. Brutus forbeare the presence.

Brut. Forbeare the presence! why pra'y?

Sext. None are admitted to this grave concourse
But wise men: nay good *Brutus*.

Brut. You'l'e have an empty Parliament then.

Aru. Here is no roome for fooles.

Bru. Then what mak'st thou here, or he, or he? oh *Jupiter*! if this command be kept strictly, we shall have empty Benches: get you home you that are here, for here will be nothing to do this day: a generall concourse of wise men, t'was never seene since the first Chaos. *Tarquin*, if the generall rule have no exceptions, thou wilt have an empty Consistory.

Tul. Brutus you trouble us.

Bru. How powerfull am I you Roman deities, that am able to trouble her that troubles a whole Empire? fooles exempted, and women admitted! laugh *Democritus*, but have you nothing to say to Mad-men?

Tar. Madmen have here no place.

Bru. Then out of doors with *Tarquin*, what's he that may sit in a calme valley, and will chuse to repose in a tempestuous mountaine, but a mad-man? that may live in tranquilous pleasures, and will seek out a kingdomes-cares, but a madman? who would seek innovation in a Common-wealth in publike,

or be over-rul'd by a curst wife in private, but a fool or a mad-man? give me thy hand *Tarquin*, shall we two be dismist together from the Capitoll?

Tar. Restraine his follie.

Tul. Drive the franique hence.

Aru. Nay *Brutus*.

Sext. Good *Brutus*.

Brut. Nay soft, soft good blood of the *Tarquins*, lets have a few cold words first, and I am gone in an instant, I claime the priviledge of the Nobility of *Rome*, and by that priviledge my seat in the Capitoll. I am a Lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitoll as *Horatius*, thine, or thine *Lucretius*, thine *Sextus*, *Aruns* thine, or any here: I am a Lord and you banish all the Lord fooles from the presence, youle have few to wait vpon the King, but Gentlemen: nay, I am easily perswaded then, hands off, since you will not have my company, you shall have my roome.

My roome indeed, for what I seeme to be,
Brutus is not, but borne great *Rome* to free.
The state is full of dropsie, and swollen big
With windie vapors, which my sword must pierce,
To purge th'infected blood, bred by the pride
Of these infested bloods: my way now I goe,
Behold I vanish since the *Tarquins* slide,
One small foole goes, but great fooles leaver behinde. *Exit*

Lucre. The pittie one so generously deriv'd,
Should be depriv'd his best indowments thus,
And want the true direct guise of the Soule.

Tar. To leave these delatorie trifles, Lords
Now to the publique businesse of the Land,
Lords take your severall places.

Luc. Not great *Tarquin*, before the King assume his regall throne.
Whose comming we attend.

Tulli. Hee's come already.

Luc. The King?

Tar. The King.

Col. Servius?

Tur. *Tarquinius.*

Lucre. *Servius* is King.

Tar. He was by power divine.
The Throne that long since he usurpt is mine.
Heere we enthrone our selves, Cathedrall state
Long since detaind us, justly we resume,
Then let our friends and such as love us crie,
Live *Tarquin* and enjoy this Soveraigntie.

Omnes. Live *Tarquin* and injoy this Soveraignty. *Floriſh.*

Enter Valerius.

Vale. The King himselfe with such confederate Peeres,
As stoutly embrace his faction, being inform'd
Of *Tarquins* Vsurpation, armed comes,
Neere to the entrance of the Capitoll.

Tarq. No man give place, he that dares to arise
And doe him reverence, we his love deſpise.

Enter Servius, Horatius, Scevola, Souldiers.

Ser. Traytor.

Tar. Vsurper.

Ser. Descend.

Tullia. Sit still.

Ser. In *Servius* name, *Romes* great imperiall Monarch,
I charge thee *Tarquin* dismthrone thy selfe,
And throw thee at our feet, prostrate for mercy.

Hor. Spoke like a King.

Tar. In *Tarquins* name, now Romes imperiall Monarch,
We charge thee *Servius* make free resignation,
Of that archt-wreath thou hast usurpt so long.

Tul. Words worth an Empire.

Hor. Shall this be brookt my Soveraigne?
Dismount the Traitor.

Ser. Touch him he that dares.

Hor. Dares?

Tul. Dares.

Ser. Strumpet, no childe of mine.

Tul. Dotard, and not my father.

Ser. Kneele to thy King?

Tul. Submit thou to thy queene.

Ser.

Ser. Insufferable treason with bright steele,
Lop downe these interponents that withstand.
The passage to our throne.
Hor. That *Cocles* dares.
Sex. We with our steele guard *Tarquin* and his chaire,
Sce. A *Servius.* *Servius* is slaine.
Arn. A *Tarquin.*
Tar. Now are we king indeede, our awe is builded
Vpon this Royall base, the slaughtered body
Of a dead King: we by his ruine rise
To a Monarchall Throne.
Tul. We have our longing.
My fathers death gives me a second life
Much better then the first, my birth was servile,
But this new breath of reigne is large and free,
Welcome my second life of Soveraignty.
Luc. I have a Daughter, but I hope of mettle,
Subject to beter temperature, should my *Lucrece*
Be of this pride, these hands should sacrifice
Her blood vnto the Gods that dwell below,
The abortive brat should not out-live my spleene,
But *Lucrece* is my Daughter, this my queene.
Tul. Teare off the Crowne, that yet empales the temples
Of our usurping Father: quickly Lords,
And in the face of his yet bleeding wounds,
Let us receive our honours.
Tar. The same breath
Gives our state life, that was the Vsurpers death.
Tul. Here then by heavens hand wee invest our selves:
Musique, whose louiest tones grace Princes crown'd,
Vnto our novel Coronation sound. *Florish.*

Enter Valerius with Horatius and Seervola.

Targ. Whom doth *Valerius* to our state present?
Val Two valiant Romans, this *Horatius Cocles*,
This Gentleman calld *Mutius Scevola.*
Who whilst King *Servius* wore the Diadem,

Vpheld his sway and Princedome by their loves,
But he being faine, since all the Peeres of *Rome*
Applaud King *Tarquin* in his Soveraignty,
They with like suffrage greet your Coronation.

Hor. This hand alide vnto the Roman Crowne,
Whom never seare dejected, or cast low,
Laies his victorious sword at *Tarquins* feet,
And prostrates with that sword allegiance.
King *Servius* life we lov'd, but he expir'd,
Great *Tarquins* life is in our hearts desir'd.

Sce. Who whilst he rules with justice and integrity
Shall with our dreadles hands our hearts command;
Even with the best imploiments of our lives,
Since Fortune lifts thee, we submit to Fate,
Our selves are vassals to the Roman state.

Tarq. Your roomes were empties in our traine of friends,
Which we rejoyce to see so well supplide;
Receive our grace, live in our clement favours,
In whose submission our young glory growes
To his ripe height: fall in our friendly traine,
And strengthen with your loves our infant Raigne.

Hor. We live for *Tarquin*.

Sce. And to thee alone, whilst justice keeps thy sword and thou thy Throne.

Tar. Then are you ours, and now conduct us straight
In triumph through the populous streets of *Rome*,
To the Kings Palace our Majesticke seat.
Your hearts though freely proffred, we intreat.

Sennat. *As they march,* Tullia *treads on her Father & staies.*

Tullia. What blocke is that we tread on?

Luc. Tis the bodie
Of your deceased Father Madam, Queene
Your shoe is crimsond with his vitall blood.

Tul. No matter, let his mangled body lie,
And with his base consederates strew the streets,
That in disgrace of his usurped pride,
We ore his truncke may in our Chariot ride:
For mounted like a Queene t' would doe me good

To

To wash my Coach-naves in my fathers blood.

Luc. Heres a good Childe.

Tar. Remove it wee command, and beare his carcasse to
Where after this dejection, let it have (the funerall pile,
His solemne and due obsequies: faire *Tullia*,
Thy hate to him growes from thy love to us,
Thou shewest thy selfe in this unnaturall strife
An unkind Daughter, but a loving wife.
But on unto our Palace, this blest day,
A Kings encrease growes by a Kings decay.

Brutus alone.

Brut. Murder the King! a high and Capitoll treason,
Those Giants that wag'd warre against the Gods,
For which the ore-whelmed Mountaines hurld by *Iove*
To scatter them, and give them timeles graves
Was not more cruell then this butcherie,
This slaughter made by *Tarquin*; but the Queene,
A woman, fie fie: did not this three-paracide
Adde to her fathers wounds? and when his body
Lay all besmeard and stayed in the blood royall,
Did not this Monster, this infernall hag,
Make her unwilling Charioter drive on,
And with his shod wheeles crush her Fathers bones?
Break his crazd scull, and dash his sparckled braines
Upon the pavements, whilst she held the raines?
The affrighted Sun at this abhorred object,
Put on a marke of blood, and yet she blusht not.
Iove art thou just, hast thou reward for pietie?
And for offence no vengeance? or canst punish
Fellons, and pardon Traitors? chastise Murderers,
And winke at Paracides? If thou be worthy,
As well we know thou art, to fill the Throne
Of all eternitie, then with that hand
That flings the Trisulke thunder, let the pride
Of these our irreligious Monarkisers
Be Crown'd in blood: this makes poore *Brutus* mad,
To see sin frolique, and the vertuous sad.

Enter Sextus and Arruns.

Arn. Soft, heeres *Brutus*, let us acquaint him with the newes.

Sex. Content: now Cousen *Brutus*.

Bru. Who, I your kinsman? though I be of the blood of the *Tarquins* yet no cousen gentle Prince.

Arn. And why so *Brutus*, Scorne you our aliance?

Bru. No, I was cousen to the Tarquins, when they were subjects, but dare claime no kindred as they are soveraignes: *Brutus* is not so mad though he be merry, but he hath wit enough to keepe his head on his shoulders.

Arn. Why doe you Lord thus loose your houres, and neither professe warre nor domesticke profit? the first might beget you love, the other riches.

Bru. Because I would live, have I not answered you, because I would live? fooles and mad men are no rubs in the way of Vsurpers, the firmament can brooke but one Sunne, and for my part I must not shine: I had rather live an obscure blacke, then appeare a faire white to be shot at, the end of all is, I would live: had *Servius* beene a shrub, the wind had not shooke him, or a mad-man, hee not perisht: I covet no more wit nor imployment then as much as will keepe life and soule together, I would but live.

Arn. You are satyricall cousen *Brutus*, but to the purpose: the king dreampt a strange and ominous dream last night, and to be resolv'd of the event, my brother *Sextus* and I must to the Oracle

Sex. And because we would be well accompanied, wee have got leave of the king that you *Brutus* shall associate us, for our purpose is to make a merry journey on't.

Bru. So youle carry me along with you to be your foole and make you merrie.

Sex. Not our foole, but—

Bru. To make you merry: I shall, nay, I would make you merrie or tickle you till you laugh: the Oracle! ile go to be resolv'd of some doubts private to my selfe: my Princes, I

am

am so much indeer'd both to your loves and companies, that you shall not have the power to be rid of me, what limits have we for our journey?

Sext. Five dayes, no more.

Brut. I shall fit me to your preparations, but one thing more, goes *Collatine* along?

Sext. Collatine is troubled with the common disease of all new married men, he's sicke of the wife, his excuse is forsooth that *Lucrece* will not let him goe, but you having neither wife nor wit to hold you I hope will not disappoint us

Brut. Had I both, yet should you, prevaile with me above either,

Aru. We shall expect you.

Brut. Horatius Cocles, and *Mutius Scevola* are not engag'd in this expedition?

Aru. No, they attend the King farewell.

Brut. Lucretius stayes at home too still *Valerius*?

Sext. The Palace cannot spare them.

Brut. None but we three?

Sex. We three.

Brut. We three, well five dayes hence.

Sex. You have the time, farewell.

Exeunt, Sextus and Arunt.

Brut. The time I hope cannot be Circumscribde.
Within so short a limit, *Rome* and I
Are not so happy, what's the reason then,
Heaven spares his rod so long? *Mercurie* tell me!
I hav't, the fruit of pride is yet but greene,
Not mellow, though it growes apace, it comes not
To his full height: *Jove* oft delayes his vengeance,
That when it haps t'may proove more terrible.
Dispaire not *Brutus* then, but let thy courtesy
And thee take this last comfort after all,
Pride when thy fruit is ripe t'must rot, and fall.
But to the Oracle.

Exeu

Enter Horatius Coeles, Mutius Scevola.

Hor. I would I were no Romane.

Sce. Coeles why?

Hor. I am discontented and dare not speake my thoughts.

Sce. What, shall I speake them for you?

Hor. Mutius does.

Scevo. Targin is proud.

Hora. Thou hast them.

Scevo. Tyrannous.

Hor. True.

Sce. Insufferably loftie.

Hor. Thou hast his eye.

Scevo. And shall I tell thee what I prophesie
Of his succeeding raigne?

Ho. No, I'le doo't for thee, *Targins* ability will in the weale,
Beget a weake unable impotence:
His strength, make *Rome* and our Dominions weak
His soaring high make us to flag our wings,
And flie close by the earth: his golden feathers
Are of such vastnes, that they spread like sayles,
And so becalme us that we have not aire (Elements
Able to raise our plumes, to taste the pleasures of our own

Scevo. Wee are one heare: our thoughts and our desires are sutable.

Hor. Since he was King he bears him like a God,
His wife like *Pallas*, or the wife of *Iove*,
Will not be spoke to without reverence,
And homage sole due to the Deities.

Enter Lucretius.

Scevo. What hast with good *Lucretius*?

Lucre. Hast but small speed,
I had an earnest suit vnto the King
About some businesse that concernes the weale
Of *Rome* and us, twill not be listned too,
He has tooke upon him such ambitious state,
That he abandons conference with his Peeres,

Or

Or if he chance to endure our tongues so much,
As but to heare their sonance, he despises
The intent of all our speeches, our advices,
And counsell: thinking his owne judgement only
To be approved in matters militaire,
And in affaires domesticke, we are but mutes,
And fellowes of no parts, violes unstrung,
Our notes too harsh to strike in Princes eares.
Great *love* amend it.

Hor. Whither will you my Lord?

Luc. No matter where if from the court, Ile home to *Collatine*
And to my daughter *Lucrece*: home breeds safety,
Dangers begot in Court, a life retir'd
Must please me now perforce: then noble *Scevola*,
And you my deere *Horatius*, farewell both,
Where industrie is scornd lets welcome sloth. *Enter Collatine.*

Hora. Nay good *Lucretius* doe not leave us thus,
See heere comes *Collatine*, but wheres *Valerius*?
How does he taste these times?

Col. Not giddily like *Brutus*, passionately
Like old *Lucretius* with his teare swolne eies,
Not laughingly like *Mutius Scevola*,
Nor bluntly like *Horatius Cocles* here.
He has usurpt a stranger garbe of humour,
Distinct from these in nature every way.

Luc. How is he relisht, can his eyes forbeare?
In this strange state to shed a passionate teare.

Sce. Can he forbeare to laugh with *Scevola*,
At that which passionate weeping cannot mend?

Hora. Nay can his thought shape ought but melancholly
To see these dangerous passages of state,
How is he tempered noble *Collatine*?

Colla. Strangely, he is all song, hee's ditty all,
Note that: *Valerius* hath given up the Court
And weand himselfe from the Kings consistory
In which his sweet harmonious tongue grew harsh,
Whether it be that he is discontent,
Yet would not so appeare before the King,

Or whether in applause of these new Edicts,
Which so distaste the people, or what cause
I know not, but now hee's all musicall,
Vnto the Counsell chamber he goes singing.
And whil'st the King his willfull Edicts makes,
In which nones tongue is powerfull save the Kings,
Hee's in a corner relishing strange aires.
Conclusively hee's from a toward hopefull Gentleman,
Transhapt to a meere Ballater, none knowing
Whence should proceed this transmutation. *Enter Valerius*
Her. See where he comes. Morrow *Valerius.*
Lucre. Morrow my Lord.

Song.

Val. *When* Tarquin *first in Court began,*
And was approved King:
Some men for sudden joy gan weep,
But I for sorrow sing.
Ser. Ha, ha, how long has my *Valerius*
Put on this straine of mirth, or what's the cause?

Song.

Val. *Let humor change and shape me,*
Since Tarquin's *proud, I care not.*
His faire words so bewitch my delight,
That I doted on his sight.
Now he is chang'd cruell thoughts embracing
And my deserts disgracing.
Her. Vpon my life he's either mad or love-sicke,
Oh can *Valerius* but so late a Statesman,
Of whom the publike weale deserv'd so well,
Tune out his age in Songs and Canzoners.
Whose voice should thunder counsell in the eares
Of *Tarquin* and proud *Tullia*! I think *Valerius*
What that proud woman *Tullia* is, will put thee
Quite out of Tune.

Song.

Val. *Now what is love I will thee tell,*
It is the fountain and the well,

Where

Where pleasure and repentance dwell,
It is perhaps the sansing bell,
That rings all in to heaven or hell,
And this is love, and this is love, as I heere tell.
Now what is love I will you show,
A thing that creeps and cannot goe:
A prize that passeth too and fro,
A thing for me, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall finde it so,
And this is love, and this is love, sweet friend I tro.

Lucre. Valerius I shall quickly change thy cheere,
And make thy passionate eyes lament with mine,
Thinke how that worthy Prince our kinsman King
Was butchered in the Marble Capitoll.
Shall *Servius Tullius* unregarded die
Alone of thee, whome all the Romane Ladies,
Even yet with teare swollen eyes, and sorrowfull soules,
Compassionate as well he merited;
To these lamenting dames what canst thou sing?
whose griefe through all the Romane Temples ring.

Song.

Va. *Lament Ladies lament,*
Lament the Roman land,
The King is fra thee hent.
Was doughtie on his hand,
Weele gang into the Kirk,
His dead corps weele embrace,
And when we se him dead,
We ay will cry alas, Fa la.

Hora. This musicke mads me, I all mirth despise.

Luc. To heare him sing drawes rivers from mine eyes.

Sceuo. It pleaseth me for since the court is harsh,
And lookes a skance on souldiers, lets be merry,
Court Ladies, sing, drinke, dance, and every man
Get him a mistris couch it in the Countrey,
And tast the sweetes of it, what thinks *Valerius*
Of *Sevolaes* last counsell?

Song.

Va. *Why since we souldiers cannot prove,*
And griefe it is to us therfore,
Let every man get him a love,
To trim her well, and fight no more.
That we may taste of lovers blisse,
Be merry and blith, imbrace and kisse,
That Ladies may say, some more of this,
That Ladies may say, some more of this.

Since Court and Citie both grow proud,
And safety you delight to heare,
Wee in the Country will us shroud,
Where lives to please both eye and eare:
The Nightingale sings Iug, Iug, Iug,
The little Lambe leaps after his dug,
And the prety milke-maids they looke so smug,
And the prety milke-maids, &c.

Come *Scevola* shall we goe and be idle?
Luc. Ile in to weepe.
Hora. But I my gall to grate.
Scevo. Ile laugh at time, till it will change our Fate.

Exeunt they.

Manet Collatine.

Colla. Thou art not what thou seem'st, Lord *Scevola*,
Thy heart mournes in thee, though thy visage smile,
And so doe's thy soule weepe, *Valerius*,
Although thy habit sing, for these new humours
Are but put on for safety, and to arme them
Against the pride of *Tarquin*, from whose danger,
None great in love, in counsell, or opinion,
Can be kept safe: this makes me loose my houres
At home with *Lucrece*, and abandon court.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Fortune I embrace thee, that thou hast assisted me in finding my master, the Gods of good Rome keepe my Lord and master out of all bad company.

Colla. Sirra the newes with you.

Clow. Would you ha Court newes, Camps newes, City newes or Country newes, or would you know whats the newes at home?

Col. Let me know all the newes.

Clow. The newes at Court is; that a smale leg and a silk stocking is in the fashion for your Lord: And the water that God *Mercury* makes is in request with your Ladie. The heavines of the kings wine makes many a light head and the emptines of his dishes many full bellies, eating and drinking was never more in use: you shall finde the baddest legs in boots, and the worst faces in masks. They keepe their old stomackes still, the kings good Cooke had the most wrong: for that which was wont to be private only to him, is now usurpt among all the other officers: for now every man in his place, to the prejudice of the maister Cooke, makes bold to licke his owne fingers.

Col. The newes in the campe.

Clow. The greatest newes in the campe is, that there is no newes at all, for being no campe at all, how can there be any tidings from it?

Col. Then for the city.

Col. The Senators are rich, their wives faire, credit growes cheap, and traffick dear, for you have many that are broke, the poorest man that is, may take vp what he will, so he will be but bound (to a post till he pay the debt.) There was one courtier lay with twelve mens wives in the suburbs, and pressing farther to make one more cuckold within the walles, and being taken with the manner, had nothing to say for himselfe, but this, he that made twelve made thirteene.

Col. Now sir for the country.

Clo. There is no newes there but at the Ale-house, ther's the most receit, and it is now strange my Lord, that so many men love ale that know not what ale is.

Col. Why, what is ale?

Clo. Why, ale is a kind of juice made of the precious grain called Malt, and what is malt? Malt's M, A, L, T, and what is M, A, L, T? M much, A ale, L little, T thrift, that is, much ale, little thrift.

Cola. Only the newes at home and I have done.

Clow. My Lady must needes speake with you about earnest businesse, that concernes her neerely, and I was sent in all haste to entreat your Lordship to come away.

Col. And couldest thou not have told me? *Lucrece* stay, And I stand trifling here? follow, away.

Clow. I marry sir, the way into her were a way worth following, and that's the reason that so many Serving-man that are familiar with their Mistrisses, have lost the name of Servitors, and are now call'd their masters Followers. Rest you merry. *Sound Musicke.*

Apollo's Priests with Tapers; after them, Aruns, Sextus *and* Brutus *with their oblations, all kneeling before the Oracle.*

Priest. O thou Delphian god inspire
Thy Priests, and with celestiall fire
Shot from thy beames crowne our desire,
that we may follow,
In these thy true and hallowed measures,
The utmost of thy heavenly treasures,
According to the thoughts and pleasures
Of great *Apollo.*
Our hearts with inflamations burne,
Great *Tarquin* and his people mourne,
Till from thy Temple we returne.
With some glad tyding.
Then tell us, Shall great *Rome* be blest,
And royall *Tarquin* live in rest,
That gives his enobled brest
To thy safe guiding?

Oracle. Then *Rome* her ancient honours wins,
When she is purg'd from *Tullia's* sins.

Brut. Gramercies *Phœbus* for these spels,
Phœbus alone, alone excells.

Sext. Tullia perhaps sinn'd in our grandsires death,
And hath not yet by reconcilement made
Attone with *Phœbus*, at whose shrine we kneele:

Yet

Yet gentle Prieſt let us thus farre prevaile,
To know if *Tarquins* ſeed ſhall governe *Rome*,
And by ſucceſſion claime the royall wreath?
Behold me younger of the *Tarquins* race:
This elder *Arunt*, both the ſonnes of *Tullia*,
This *Iunius Brutus*, though a mad-man, yet
Of the high blood of the *Tarquins*.

Prieſt. *Sextus* peace: Tell us, O thou that ſhin'ſt ſo bright,
From whom the world receives his light,
Whoſe abſence is perpetuall night,
Whoſe praiſes ring:
Is it with heavens applauſe decreed,
When *Tarquins* ſoule from earth is freed,
That noble *Sextus* ſhall ſucceed
In *Rome* as King?

Brut. I *Oracle*, haſt thou loſt thy tongue?

Aru. Tempt him againe faire Prieſt.

Sext. If not as King, let Delphian *Phœbus* yet
Thus much reſolve us, Who ſhall governe *Rome*,
Or of us three beare greateſt preheminence?

Prieſt. *Sextus* I will, yet ſacred *Phœbus* we entreat,
Which of theſe three ſhall be great
With largeſt power and ſtate repleate
By the heavens doome?
Phœbus thy thoughts no longer ſmother.

Oracle. He that firſt ſhall kiſſe his mother.
Shall be powerfull, and no other
Of you three in *Rome*.

Sext. Shall kiſſe his mother! *Brutus falls.*

Brut. Mother Earth, to thee an humble kiſſe I tender.

Aru. What means *Brutus*?

Brut. The blood of the ſlaughter'd ſacrifice made this floore as ſlippery as the place where *Tarquin* treads, tis glaſſie and as ſmoothe as ice: I was proud to heare the Oracle ſo gracious to the blood of the *Tarquins* and to I fell.

Sext. Nothing but ſo, then to the Oracle.
I charge thee *Arunt*, *Iunius Brutus* thee,
To keep the ſacred doome of the Oracle

From

From all our traine, leſt when the younger lad
Our brother now at home, ſits dandled
Vpon faire *Tullias* lap, this underſtanding
May kiſſe our beauteous mother, and ſucceed.

Arn. Let the charge goe round,
It ſhall goe hard but Ile prevent you *Sextus*.

Sex. I feare not the madman *Brutus*, and for *Aruns* let me alone to buckle with him, Ile be the firſt at my mothers lips for a kingdome.

Brn. If the madman have not bin before you *Sextus*, if Oracles be Oracles, their phraſes are myſticall, they ſpeak ſtill in clouds: had he meant a naturall mother he would not ha ſpoke it by circumſtance.

Sex. Tullia, if ever thy lips were pleaſing to me, let it be at my returne from the Oracle.

Arn. If a kiſſe will make me a King, *Tullia* I will ſpring to thee though through the blood of *Sextus*.

Brut. Earth I acknowledge no mother but thee, accept me as thy Sop, and I ſhall ſhine as bright in *Rome* as *Apollo* himſelfe in his temple at *Delphos*.

Sext. Our Superſtitions ended, ſacred Prieſt,
Since we have had free anſwere from the Gods,
To whoſe faire altars we have done due right,
And hollowed them with preſents acceptable,
Lets now returne, treading theſe holy meaſures,
With which we entred great *Apollo's* Temple.
Now *Phœbus* let thy ſweet tun'd organes ſound,
Whoſe ſphere like muſicke muſt direct our feet
Vpon the marble pavement: after this
Weele gaine a kingdome by a mothers kiſſe. *Exeunt.*

SENATE.

A table and chaires prepared, Tarquin, Tullia, and Collatine. Scevola, Horatius, Lucretius, Valerius, Lords.

Tarquin. Attend us with your perſons, but your eares
Be deare unto our counſells. *The Lords fall off on either*
Tul. Farther yet. *ſide and attend.*

Tarq.

Tarq. Now *Tullia* what muſt be concluded next?

Tullia. The kingdome you have got by pollicy
You muſt maintaine by pride.

Tarquin. Good.

Tullia. Thoſe that were late of the Kings faction
cut off for feare they prove rebellious.

Tarq. Better.

Tullia Since you gaine nothing by the popular love,
Maintaine by feare your Princedome.

Tar. Excellent, thou art our Oracle and ſave from thee
We will admit no counſell, we obtaind
Our ſtate by cunning, it muſt be kept by ſtrength.
And ſuch as cannot love, weele teach to feare,
To encourage which upon our better judgement,
And to ſtrike greater terrour to the world,
I have forbid thy fathers funerall.

Tul. No matter.

Tar. All capitall cauſes are by us diſcuſt,
Traverſt, and executed without counſell,
We challenge too by our prerogative,
The goods of ſuch as ſtrive againſt our ſtate,
The freeſt Citizens without attaint,
Arraigne, or judgement, we to exile doome,
The poorer are our drudges, rich our prey,
And ſuch as dare not ſtrive our rule obey.

Tul. Kings are as Gods, and divine Seepters beare,
The Gods command for mortall tribute, feare.
But Royall Lord, we that deſpiſe their love,
Muſt ſeeke ſome meanes how to mayntaine this awe.

Tar. By forraigne leagues, and by our ſtrength abroad.
Shall we that are degreed above our people,
Whom heaven hath made our vaſſals, raigne with them?
No, Kings above the reſt tribunall lie,
Should with no meaner then with Kings allie:
For this we to *Mamilius Tuſculan*
The Latin King have given in marriage
Our Royall daughter: Now his people's ours,
The neighbour Princes are ſubdude by armes:

And whom we could not conquer by conſtraint,
Them we have ſought to win by curteſie,
Kings that are proud, yet would ſecure their owne,
By love abroad, ſhall purchaſe feare at home.
Tul. We are ſecure, and yet our greateſt ſtrength
Is in our children, how dare treaſon looke
Vs in the face having iſſue? barren Princes
Breed danger in their ſingularitie,
Having none to ſucceed, their claime dies in them.
Tar. *Tullia's* wiſe, and apprehenſive, were our Princely ſons
Sextus and *Aruns* backe returned ſafe,
With an applauſive anſwere of the Gods
From th' *Oracle*, our ſtate were able then
Being Gods our ſelves, to ſcorne the hate of men.

Enter Sextus, Aruns, and Brutus.

Sex. Where's *Tullia*?
Arn. Where's our Mother?
Hor. Yonder Princes, at Councel with the King.
Tul. Our ſonnes return'd.
Sex. Royall Mother.
Arn. Renowned Queen.
Sex. I love her beſt, therefore will *Sextus* do his duty firſt.
Arn. Being eldeſt in my birth, ile not be yonngeſt
In zeale to *Tullia*.
Brut. Too't Lads.
Aruns. Mother a kiſſe.
Sex. Though laſt in birth let me be firſt in love.
A kiſſe faire mother.
Arn. Shall I looſe my right?
Sext. *Aruns* ſhall downe, were *Aruns* twice my Brother,
If he perſume tore me to kiſſe my mother.
Arn. I *Sextus*, think this kiſſe to be a Crowne, thus would (we tug for't.
Sex. *Aruns* thou muſt downe.
Tarq. Reſtraine them Lords.
Brn. Nay too't boyes, O tis brave, they tug for ſhadowes,
I the ſubſtance have.
Arn. Through armed gates, and thouſand ſwords ile break

To

To ſhew my duty, let my valour ſpeake.

Breakes from the Lords and kiſſes her.

Sex. Oh heavens! you have diſolv'd me.
Arn. Here I ſtand, what I ha done to anſwer with this hand.
Sex. Oh all ye Delphian Gods looke downe and ſee
How for theſe wrongs I will revenged be.
Tar. Curbe in the prowd boyes fury, let us know
From whence this diſcord riſeth.
Tullia. From our love, how happy are we in our iſſue now
When as our ſons, even with their bloods contend
To exceed in dutie, we accept your zeale.
This your ſuperlative degree of kindneſſe
So much prevailes with us, that to the King
We engage our owne deere love twixt his incenſement
And your preſumption, you are pardoned both.
And *Sextus* though you faild in your firſt proffer,
We do not yet eſteeme you leaſt in love, aſcend and touch
Sext. Thanke you, no. (our lips.
Tullia. Then to thy knee we will deſcend thus low.
Sex. Nay now it ſhall not need: how great's my heart!
Arn. In *Tarquins* Crowne thou now haſt loſt thy part.
Sex. Ne kiſſing now, *Tarquin*, great Queene adiew:
Arruns, on earth we ha no foe but you.
Tarq. What meanes this their unnaturall enmitie?
Tullia. Hate, borne from love.
Tar. Reſolve us then, how did the Gods accept
Our ſacrifice, how are they pleas'd with us?
How long will they applaud our ſoveraignty?
Bru. Shall I tell the King.
Tar. Doe Couſen, with the proceſſe of your journey.
Bru. I will. We went from hither, when we went from hence, arrived thither when we landed there, made an end of our prayers when we had done our Oriſones, when thus quoth *Phœbus*, *Tarquin* ſhall be happy whilſt he is bleſt, governe while he raignes, wake when he ſleepes not, ſleepe when he wakes not, quaffe when he drinks, feede when he eates, gape when his mouth opens, live till he die, and die

when he can live no longer. So *Phœbus* commends him to you.

Tar. Mad *Brutus* ſtill, Son *Aruns*, What ſay you?

Aru. That the great Gods to whom the potent King
Of this large Empire ſacrific'd by us,
Applaud your raigne, commend your ſoveraignty:
And by a generall Synode grant to *Tarquin*,
Long dayes faire hopes Majeſtique government.

Bru. Adding withall, that to depoſe the late King which in others, had been arch-treaſon, in *Tarquin* was honor: what in *Brutus* had been uſurpation, in *Tarquin* was lawfull ſucceſſion: and for *Tullia*, though it be paracide for a childe to kill her father, in *Tullia* it was charity by death, to rid him of all his calamities, *Phœbus* himſelfe ſaid ſhe was a good childe, and ſhall not I ſay as he ſayes, to tread upon her fathers ſkull,
ſparkle his braines upon her Chariot wheele,
And weare the ſacred tincture of his blood
Vpon her ſervile ſhoe? but more then this,
After his death deny him the due claime
Of all mortality, a funerall,
An earthen ſepulchre, this, this, quoth the Oracle,
Save *Tullia* none would do. (incenſt

Tul. Brutus no more, leaſt with the eyes of wrath and fury
We looke into thy honour: were not madnes
And folly to thy words a priviledge,
Even in thy laſt reproofe of our proceedings
Thou haſt pronounc't thy death.

Bru. If *Tullia* will ſend *Brutus* abroad for newes, and after at his returne not endure the telling of it: let *Tullia* either get cloſer eares, or get for *Brutus* a ſtricter tongue.

Tullia. How ſir?

Bru. God bo'ye.

Tarq. Alas tis madnes (pardon) not ſpleene,
Nor is it hate, but frenzie, we are pleaſd
To heare the Gods propitious to our prayers.
But whither's *Sextus* gone? reſolve us *Coeles*.
We ſaw thee in his parting follow him.

Hora. I heard him ſay, he would ſtraight take his horſe

And

And to the werlike Gabines enemies to *Rome*, and you.
Tar. Save them we have no oppofites.
Dares the proud boy confederate with our foes?
Attend us Lords, we muſt new battle wage,
And with bright armes confront the proud boyes rage.
Exeunt.

Manet, Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, Scevola.

Hor. Had I as many ſoules as drops of blood
In theſe brancht vaines, as many lives as ſtarres
Stucke in yond' azure Roſe, and were to die
More deaths then I have waſted weary minutes,
To grow to this, ide hazard all and more,
To purchaſe freedome to thus bondag'd *Rome.* (ſight.
I'me vext to ſee this virgin conquereſſe weare ſhackles in my
Luc. Oh would my teares would rid great *Rome* of theſe prodigious feares.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, weeping ripe *Lucretius*? poſſible? now Lords, Lads, friends, fellows, yong madcaps, gallants, and old courtly ruffians, all ſubjects under one tyranny, and therefore ſhould be partners of one and the ſame unanimity. Shall we goe ſingle our ſelves by two and two, and go talk treaſon? then tis but his yea, and my nay, if we be cald to queſtion: Or ſhals goe uſe ſome violent buſtling to breake through this thorny ſervitude, or ſhal we every man go ſit like, O man in deſperation, and with *Lucretius* weepe at *Romes* miſery: now am I for all things any thing or nothing, I can laugh with *Scevola*, weepe with this good old man, ſing *oh hone hone* with *Valerius*, fret with *Horatius Cocles*, be mad like my ſelfe, or neutrize with *Collatine*. Say what ſhal's doe?
Hora. Fret.
Val. Sing.
Luc. Weepe.
Scevo. Laugh.
Bru. Rather lets all be mad that *Tarquin* he ſtill raigneth, *Rom's* ſtill ſad.
Col. You are madmen all that yeild ſo much to paſſion.

You lay your ſelves too open to your enemies,
That would be glad to prie into your deedes,
And catch advantage to enſnare our lives.
The kings feare, like a ſhadow, dogs you ſtill,
Nor can you walke without it: I commend
Valerius moſt, and noble *Scevola*,
That what they cannot mend, ſeeme not to mind,
By my conſent lets all weare out our houres
In harmeles ſports: hauke, hunt, game, ſing, drinke, dance,
So ſhall we ſeeme offenceleſſe and live ſafe.
In dangers bloody jawes where being humerous,
Cloudy and curiouſly inquiſitive
Into the Kings proceedings, there arm'd feare
May ſearch into us, call our deeds to queſtion,
And ſo prevent all future expectation:
Of wiſht amendment let us ſtay the time,
Till heaven have made them ripe for juſt revenge,
When opportunitie is offered us,
And then ſtrike home, till then doe what you pleaſe:
No diſcontented thought my mind ſhall ſeaze.

Bru. I am of *Collatines* mind now *Valerius* ſing us a bawdy ſong, and mak's merry: nay it ſhall be ſo.

Valer. *Brutus* ſhall pardon me.

Scev. The time that ſhould have beene ſeriouſly ſpent in the State-houſe, I ha learnt ſecurely to ſpend in a wenching houſe, and now I profeſſe my ſelfe any thing but a Stateſman.

Hor. The more thy vanity.

Luc. The leſſe thy honour.

Valer. The more his ſafety, and the leſſe his feare.

The firſt new Song.

She that denies me, I would have,
Who craves me, I deſpiſe.
Venus *hath power to rule mine heart,*
But not to pleaſe mine eyes.
Temptations offered, I ſtill ſcorne.
Deny'd; I cling them ſtill.
Ile neither glut mine appetite,
Nor ſeeke to ſtarve my will.

Diana,

Diana, *double cloath'd, offends;*
So Venus, *naked quite.*
The laſt begets a ſurfet, and
The other no delight.
That crafty Girle ſhall pleaſe me beſt
That No, for Yea, can ſay,
And every wanton willing kiſſe
Can ſeaſon with a Nay.

Brut. We ha beene mad Lords long, now lets us be merry Lords, *Horatius* maugre thy melancholly, and *Lucretius* in ſpight of thy ſorrow, Ile have a ſong a ſubject for the ditty.

Hor. Great *Tarquins* pride, and *Tullia's* cruelty.

Bru. Dangerous, no.

Luc. The tyrannies of the Court, and vaſſalage of the City.

Sce. Neither, ſhall I give the ſubject?

Bru. Doe, and let it be of all the pretty wenches in *Rome.*

Scev. It ſhall, ſhall it, ſhall it *Valerius*?

Val. Any thing according to my poore acquaintance and little converſance.

Bru. Nay you ſhall ſtay *Horatius*, *Lucretius* ſo ſhall you, he removes himſelfe from the love of *Brutus*, that ſhrinkes my ſide till we have had a ſong of all the pretty ſuburbians: ſit round, when *Valerius*?

Song.

Val. *Shall I woe the lovely* Molly,
She's ſo faire, ſo fat ſo jolly,
But ſhe has a tricke of folly,
Therefore Ile ha none of Molly. *No, no no, no no, no.*
Ile ha none of Molly, *no no no.*
Oh the cherry lips of Nelly,
They are red and ſoft as jelly,
But too well ſhe loves her belly.
Therefore ile have none of Nelly. *No, no, no, &c.*
What ſay you to bonny Betty,
Ha you ſeene a laſſe ſo pretty?
But her body is ſo ſweaty,
Therefore ile ha none of Betty. *No, no, no, no, no,*
When I dally with my Dolly,

She

She is full of melancholly,
Oh that weneh is peſtilent holly,
Therefore ile have none of Dolly, *No, no, no, &c.*
I could fancy lovely Nanny,
But ſhe has the loves of many,
Yet her ſelfe ſhe loves not any,
Therefore ile have none of Nanny, *no, no, &c.*
In a flax ſhop I ſpide Ratchell,
Where ſhe her flax and tow did hatchell,
But her cheekes hang like a ſatchell,
Therefore ile have none of Ratchell, *No, no, &c.*
In a corner I met Biddy,
Her heeles were light her head was giddy,
She fell downe and ſomewhat did I,
Therefore ile have none of Biddy, *No, no, &c.*

Brut. The reſt weel here within, what offence is there in this *Lucretius*? what hurt's in this *Horatius*? is it not better to ſing with our heads on, then to bleed with our heads off? I nere took *Collatine* for a Politician till now, come *Valerius*, weel run over all the wenches of *Rome*, from the community of laſcivious *Flora* to the chaſtity of divine *Lucrece*, come good *Horatius*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucrece, Maide and Clowne.

Luc. A Chaire.

Clo. A chaire for my Lady, Miſtris *Mirable* do you not here my Lady call.

Luc. Come neere ſir, be leſſe officious
In duty, and uſe more attention,
Nay Gentlewoman we exempt not you
From our diſcourſe, you muſt afford an eare
As well as he, to what we ha to ſay.

Maid. I ſtill remaine your hand-maide.

Luc. Sirrah I ha ſeene you oft familiar
With this my maide and waiting Gentlewoman,
As caſting amorous glances, wanton lookes,
And privy becks favouring incontinence,
I let you know you are not for my ſervice

Vnleſſe

Vnleſſe you grow more civill.

Clow. Indeed Madam for my owne part I wiſh Miſtris *Mirable* well, as one fellow ſervant ought to wiſh to another, but to ſay as that ever I flung any ſheeps eyes in her face how ſay you miſtris *Mirable* did I ever offer it?

Luc. Nay Miſtris, I ha ſeene you anſwere him
With gracious lookes, and ſome uncivill ſmiles,
Retorting eyes, and giving his demenure
Such welcome as becomes not modeſty,
Know hence-forth there ſhall no laſcivious phraſe,
Suſpitious looke, or ſhadow of incontinence,
Be entertain'd by any that attend, on Roman *Lucrece.*

Maide. Madam, I!

Luc. Excuſe it not, for my premeditate thought
Speakes nothing out of raſhneſſe, nor vaine heare ſay.
But what my owne experience teſtifies
Againſt you both, let then this milde reproofe,
Forewarne you of the like: my reputation
Which is held precious in the eies of *Rome,*
Shall be no ſhelter to the leaſt intent
Of looſeneſſe, I:ave all familiaritie,
And quite renounce acquaintance, or I here, diſcharge yon both my ſervice.

Clow. For my owne part Madam, as I am a true Roman by nature, though no Roman by my noſe, I never ſpent the leaſt lip labour on miſtris *Mirable,* never ſo much as glanc'd, never us'd any wincking or pinking, never nodded at her, no not ſo much as when I was aſleepe, never askt her the queſtion ſo much as whats her name: if you bring any man, woman, or childe, that can ſay ſo much behinde my backe, as for he did but kiſſe her, for I did but kiſſe her and ſo let her go: let my Lord *Collatine* inſtead of plucking my coate, plucke my skin over my eares and turne me away naked, that whereſoever I ſhall come I may be held a raw Servingman hereafter.

Luc. Sirrah, you know our mind.

Clo. If ever I knew what belongs to theſe eaſes, or yet know what they meane, if ever I us'd any plaine dealing, or were ever worth ſuch a jewell, would I might die like a begger: if

ever I were so far read in my Grammer, as to know what an Interjection is, or a conjunction Copulative, would I might never have good of my *qui quæ quod*: why, do you thinke Madam I have no more care of my selfe being but a stripling, then to goe to it at these yeares? flesh and blood cannot endure it, I shall euen spoile one of the best faces in *Rome* with crying at your unkindnesse.

Luc. I ha done, see if you can spie your Lord returning from the Court, and give me notice what strangers he brings home with him.

Enter Collatine, Valerius, Horatius Scevola.

Clow. Yes ile go, but see kind man he saves me a labour.

Hor. Come *Valerius* let's heare in our way to the house of *Collatine*, that you went late hammering of concerning the Taverns in *Rome*.

Val. Only this *Horatius*.

Song.

The Gentry to the Kings head,
The Nobles to the Crowne.
The Knights unto the goulden Fleece,
And to the plough the Clowne.
The Church-man to the Miter.
The Shep-heard to the Starre.
The Gardiner, hies him to Rose,
To the Drum the man of warre;
To the Feathers Ladies you; the Globe
The Sea-man doth not scorne
The Vsurer to the Devill, and
The Townesman to the Horne.
The Huntsman to the white Hart,
To the Ship the Marchant goes,
But you that doe the Muses love
The Swanne, calde River Poe.
The Banquerout to the worlds end,
The Foole to the Fortune hie.
Vnto the Mouth, the Oyster wife,
The Fidler to the Pie,
The Punck unto the Cockecatrice.

The

The Drunkard to the Vine,
The Beggar to the Buſh, then meete
And with Duke Humphrey Dine.

Col. Faire *Lucrece*, I ha brought theſe Lords from Court to feaſt with thee, ſirrah prepare us dinner.

Luc. My Lord is welcome, ſo are all his friends, the newes at Court Lords.

Hor. Madam ſtrange newes: Prince *Sextus* by the enemies of *Rome*.
Was nobly us'de, and made their Generall,
Twice hath he met his father in the field,
And foild him by the Warlike *Gabines* aid:
But how hath he rewarded that brave Nation,
That in his great diſgrace ſupported him?
Ile tell you Madam, he ſince the laſt battell
Sent to his Father a cloſe meſſenger
To be receiv'd to grace, withall demanding
What he ſhould doe with thoſe his enemies?
Great *Tarquin* from his Sonne receives this newes,
Being walking in his Garden: when the meſſenger
Importunde him for anſwere, the proud King
Lops with his wand the heads of Poppies off,
And ſayes no more; with this uncertaine anſwer
The meſſenger to *Sextus* backe returnes,
Who queſtions of his Fathers words, lookes, geſture?
He tels him that the haughtie ſpeechleſs King
Straight apprehend, cuts off the great mens heads,
And having left the *Gabines* without governe,
Flies to his father, and this day is welcom'd
For this his traiterous ſervice by the King,
With all due ſolemne honours to the Court.

Scæv. Curteſie ſtrangely requited, this none but the ſon of *Tarquin* would have enterpriſde.

Val. I like it, I applaud it, this will come to ſomewhat in the end, when heaven has caſt up his account, ſome of them will be calde to a hard reckoning. For my part, I dreamt laſt night I went a fiſhing.

The second new Song.

Though the weather iangles
With our hookes, and our angles,
Our nets be shaken, and no fish taken:
Though fresh Cod and Whiting,
Are not this day biting,
Gurnet, nor Conger, to satisfie hunger,
Yet looke to our draught.
Hale the maine bowling,
The seas have left their rowling,
The waves their huffing, the winds their puffing,
Vp to the Top-mast Boy,
And bring us news of joy,
Heres no demurring, no fish is stirring.
Yet some thing we have caught.

Col. Leave all to heaven.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. My Lords, the best plumporedge in all *Rome* cooles for your honours, dinner is piping hot upon the table: and if you make not the more haste, you are like to have but cold cheare: the Cooke hath done his part, and there's not a dish on the dresser but he has made it smoke for you, if you have good stomackes, and come not in while the meat is hot, you'le make hunger and cold meete together.

Col. My man's a Rhetorician I can tell you,
And his conceit is fluent: Enter Lords,
You must be *Lucrece* guests, and she is scant
In nothing, for such Princes must not want. *Exeunt.*

Manet Valerius and Clowne.

Clow. My Lord *Valerius*, I have even a suit to your honor, I ha not the power to part from you, without a relish, a note, a tone, we must get an Aire betwixt us,

Val. Thy meaning.

Clo. Nothing but this,
Iohn *for the King has beene in many ballads,*
Iohn *for the King downe dine,*
Iohn *for King, has eaten many sallads,*
Iohn *for the King sings hey ho.*

Vale.

Val. Thou wouldſt have a ſong, wouldſt thou not?

Clow. And be everlaſtingly bound to your honour, I am now forſaking the world and the Devill, and ſomewhat leaning towards the fleſh, if you could but teach me how to chooſe a wench fit for my ſtature and complexion, I ſhould reſt yours in all good offices.

Val. Ile doe that for thee, what's thy name?

Clow. My name ſir is *Pompie.*

Val. Well then attend. *He ſings.*

Song.

Pompie *I will ſhew thee, the way to know*
A daintie dapper wench.
Firſt ſee her all bare, let her ſkin be rare
And be toucht with no part of the French:
Let her lookes be cleare, and her browes ſeuere,
Her eye-browes thin and fine:
But if ſhe be a punck, and love to be drunke,
Then keepe her ſtill from the wine.
Let her ſtature be meane, and her body cleane,
Thou canſt not chooſe but like her:
But ſee ſhe ha good clothes, with a faire Roman noſe,
For that's the ſigne of a ſtriker.
Let her legs be ſmall, but not uſd to ſprall,
Her tongue not too lowd nor cocket.
Let her armes be ſtrong, and her fingers long,
But not us'd to dive in pocket.
Let her body be long, and her backe be ſtrong,
With a ſoft lip that entangles,
With an ivorie breſt, and her haire well dreſt,
Without gold lace or ſpangles.
Let her foote be ſmall, cleane leg'd withall,
Her apparell not too gaudy:
And one that hath not bin in any houſe of ſinne,
Nor place that hath been baudy.

Clo. But Gods me, am I trifling here with you, and dinner cooles a'the table. and I am call'd to my attendance, oh my ſweet Lord *Valerius*! *Exeunt.*

SENNATE.

Enter Tarquin, Porsenna, Tullia, Sextus, Arnus.

Tarq Next King *Porsenna*, whom we tender deerly,
Welcome young *Sextus*, thou hast to our yoake,
Suppreſt the necke of a proud nation
The warlike *Gabins*, enemies to *Rome*.
Sex. It was my duty Royall Emperour,
The duty of a Subject and a Sonne.
We at our mothers interceſſion likewiſe,
Are now aton'd with *Arnus* whom we here receive into our bosome.
Tul. This is done like a kinde brother and a naturall ſonne.
Arn. We enterchange a royall heart with *Sextus*, and graft us in your love.
Tarq. Now King *Porsenna*, welcome once more, to *Tarquin* and to *Rome*.
Por. We are proud of your alliance, *Rome* is ours,
And we are *Romes*, this our religious league
Shall be carv'd firme in Characters of braſſe,
And live for ever to ſucceeding times.
Tar. It ſhall *Porsenna*, now this league's eſtabliſht.
We will proceed in our determin'd wars,
To bring the neighbour Nations under us,
Our purpoſe is to make young *Sextus* Generall
Of all our army, who hath prov'd his fortunes
And found them full of favour: weele begin
With ſtrong *Ardea*, ha you given in charge
To aſſemble all our Captaines, and take muſter of our ſtrong army?
Arn. That buſineſſe is diſpatch't.
Sex. We ha likewiſe ſent for all our beſt commanders to take charge according to their merit: Lord *Valerius*,
Lord *Brutus*, *Cocles*, *Mutius Scevola*,
And *Collatine* to make due perparatiō for ſuch a gallant ſiege.
Tarq. This day you ſhall ſet forward, *Sextus* goe,
And lets us ſee your army march along.
Before this King and us, that we may view
The puiſſance of our hoſt prepard already,
To lay high-reard *Ardea* waſte and lowe.

Sex.

Sex. I ſhall my Liege.

Tul. Aruns aſſociate him.

Aru. A rivall with my brother in his honours.

Exeunt Aruns and Sextus.

Tar. Porſenna ſhall behold the ſtrength of *Rome*,
And body of the Campe, under the charge
Of two brave Princes, to lay hoſtile ſiege
Againſt the ſtrongeſt Citie that withſtands
The all-commanding *Tarquin*,

Porſ. Tis an object to pleaſe *Porſennaes* eye.

Soft March.

Luc. The hoſt is now upon their March.
You from this place may ſee
The pride of all the Roman Chivalry.

Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Collatine, Valerius, Scevola, Coeles, with ſouldiers, drum and colours, march over the ſtage, and congee to the King and Queene.

Porſ. This ſight's more pleaſing to *Porſennaes* eye,
Then all our rich *Attalia* pompous feaſts,
Or ſumptuous revels: we are borne a Souldier,
And in our nonage ſuckt the milke of warre.
Should any ſtrange fate lowre upon this army
Or that the mercileſſe gulfe of confuſion
Should ſwallow them, we at our proper charge,
And from our native confines vow ſupply
Of men and armes to make theſe numbers full.

Tarq. You are our Royall brother, and in you,
Tarquin is powerfull and maintaines his awe.

Tullia. The like *Porſenna* may command of *Rome*,

Por. But we have (in your freſh varieties)
Feaſted to much, and kept our ſelfe too long
From our owne ſeate, our proſperous returne
Hath bin expected by our Lords and Peeres.

Tarq. The buſineſſe of our warres thus forwarded.
We ha beſt leaſure for your entertainment,
Which now ſhall want no due ſolemnitie.

Por. It hath beene beyond both expectation
And merit, but in ſight of heaven I ſweare,

If

If ever royall *Tarquin* ſhall demand
Vſe of our love, 'tis ready ſtor'd for you
Even in our Kingly breaſt.

Tar. The like we vow to King *Porſenna*, we will yet a little
Enlarge your royall welcome with Rarieties,
Such as Rome yeilds: that done, before we part,
Of too remote Dominions make one heart.
Set forward then, our ſonnes wage warre abroad,
To make us peace at home: we are of our ſelfe
Without ſupportance, we all fate defie,
Aidleſſe, and of our ſelfe we ſtand thus hie.

Exeunt.

Two ſouldiers meet at in the watch.

1. Stand, who goes there?

2. A friend.

1. Stirre not, for if thou doſt ile broach thee ſtraight upon this pike. The word?

2. *Sol. Porſenna.*

1. Paſſe, ſtay, who walkes the round to night,
The generall, or any of his Captaines?

2. *Sol. Horatius* hath the charge, the other Chieftaines,
Reſt in the Generalls tent, there's no commander
Of any note, but revell with the Prince:
And I amongſt the reſt am charg'd to attend
Vpon their Rouſe.

1. *Sol.* Paſſe freely, I this night muſt ſtand,
Twixt them and danger, the time of night?

2. *Sol.* The clocke laſt told eleven.

1. *Sol.* The powers celeſtiall that have tooke *Rome* in charge, protect it ſtill.
Againe good night, thus muſt poore Souldiers do,
Whil'ſt their commanders are with dainties fed,
And ſleepe on Downe, the earth muſt be our bed. *Exit.*

A banquet prepared.

Enter Sextus, Arruns, Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Scevola, Collatine.

Sex. Sit round, the enemie is pounded faſt

In

In their owne folds, the walles made to oppugne,
Hoſtile incurſions become a priſon,
To keepe them faſt for execution;
Ther's no eruption to be feared.

Bru. What ſhall's doe? Come a health to the generalls health; and *Valerius* that ſits the moſt civilly ſhall begin it, I cannot talke till my blood be mingled with this blood of grapes: Fill for *Valerius*, thou ſhouldſt drinke wel, for thou haſt beene in the German warres, if thou lov'ſt me drinke *up ſe freeza.*

Sex. Nay ſince *Brutus* has ſpoke the word, the firſt health ſhall be impoſ'd on you *Valerius*, and if ever you have beene Germaniz'd, let it be after the Dutch faſhion

Vale. The generall may command.

Bru. He may, why elſe is he call'd the commander?

Sex. We will intreate *Valerius*,

Vale. Since you will needs inforce a high German health, looke well to your heads, for I come upon you with this Dutch Taſſaker: if you were of a more noble ſcience then you are, it will goe neere to breake your heads round.

A Dutch Song.

O Mork giff men ein man,
Skerry merry vip,
O morke giff men ein man
Skerry merry vap,
O morke giff men ein man,
that tik die ten long o drievan ean,
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap
and skerry merry runke ede unk,
Ede hoore was a hai dedle drunke
Dedle drunke a:
Skerry merry runke ede bunk, ede hoore was drunk a.

O daughter yeis in alto kleene,
Skerry merry vip,
O daughter yeis ein alto kleene,
Skerry merry vap,

O daughter yeis in alto kleene,
Ye molten slop, ein yert aleene
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap
And skerry merry runk ede bunk,
Ede hoore was a hey dedte downe
Dedle drunke a:
Skerry merry, runke ede bunk ede hoore was drunke a.

Sex. Grammercies *Valerius*, came this hie-German health as double as his double ruffe, i'de pledge it.

Brut. Where it Lubecks or double double beere, their owne naturall liquor i'de pledge it were it as deep as his ruffe: let the health goe round about the board, as his band goes round about his necke. I am no more afraid of this dutch fauchion, then I should be of the heathenish invention.

Col. I must intreat you spare me for my braine brookes not the fumes of wine, their vaporous strength offends me much.

Hor. I would have none spare me for Ile spare none, *Collatine* will pledge no health vnlesse it be to his *Lucrece*.

Sext. What's *Lucrece* but a woman, and what are women
But tortures and disturbance vnto men?,
If they be fowle th'are odious, and if faire,
Th'are like rich vessels full of poysonous drugs,
Or like black serpents arm'd with golden scales:
For my own part they shall not trouble me.

Brutus. Sextus sit fast for I proclaime my selfe a womans champion and shall u nhorse thee else.

Vale. For my owne part I'me a maried man, and Ile speake to my wife to thanke thee *Brutus*.

Aru. I have a wife too, and I thinke the most vertuous Lady in the world.

Sce. I cannot say but that I have a good wife too, and I love her: but if she were in heaven, beshrew me if I would wish her so much hurt as to desire her companie upon earth againe, yet upon my honour, though she be not very faire, she is exceeding honest.

Bru. Nay the lesse beauty, the lesse temptation to despoile her honesty.

Sce.

Sce. I ſhould be angry with him that ſhould make queſtion of her honour.

Brut. And I angry with thee if thou ſhouldſt not maintaine her honour.

Arn. if you compare the vertues of your wives, let me ſtep in for mine.

Colla. I ſhould wrong my *Lucrece* not to ſtand for her.

Sex. Ha, ha, all captaines, and ſtand upon the honeſty of your wives; iſt poſſible thinke you that women of young ſpirit and Full age, of fluent wit, that can both ſing and dance, Reade, write, ſuch as feede well and taſte choice cates, That ſtraight diſſolve to puritie of blood, That keepe the veines full, and enflame the appetite Making the ſpirit able, ſtrong, and prone, Can ſuch as theſe their husbands being away Emploid in forreign ſieges or elſe where, Deny ſuch as importune them at home? Tell me that flaxe will not be eoache with fire, Nor they be won to what they moſt deſire?

Brn. Shall I end this controverſie in a word?

Sex. Doe good *Brutus.*

Brn. I hold ſome holy, but ſome apt to ſinne, Some tractable, but ſome that none can winne, Such as are vertuous, Gold nor wealth can move, Some vicious of themſelves are prone to love. Some grapes are ſweet and in the Garden grow. Others unprun'd turne wilde neglected ſo. The pureſt oare containes both Gold and droſſe, The one all gaine, the other nought but loſſe. The one diſgrace, reproch, and ſcandall taints, The other angels and ſweet featur'd Saints.

Col. Such is my vertuous, *Lucrece.*

Arn. Yet ſhe for vertue not comparable to the wife of *Arons*

Sce. And why may not mine be ranke with the moſt vertuous?

Hor. I would put in for a lot, but a thouſand to one I ſhall draw but a blanke.

Valo. I ſhould not ſhew I lov'd my wife, not to take her part

part in her absence: I hold her inferiour to none.

Arn. Save mine.

Vale. No not to her.

Brn. Oh this were a brave controversie for a jury of women to arbitrate.

Col. Ile hazard all my fortunes on the vertues
Of divine *Lucrece*, shall we try them thus?
It is now dead of night, lets mount our steeds,
Within this two houres we may reach to *Rome*,
And to our houses all come unprepar'd,
And unexpected by our hie praisd wives,
She of them all that we find best imploid,
Devoted, and most huswife exercisd,
Let her be held most vertuous, and her husband
Winne by the wager a rich horse and armour.

Arn. A hand on that.

Vale. Heares a helping hand to that Bargaine.

Hor. But shall we to horse without circumstance?

Sce. Scevola will mounted with the first.

Sex. Then mount, Cheval! *Brutus* this night take you the charge of the army, Ile see the tryall of this wager, 'twould do me good to see some of them finde their wives in the armes of their Lovers, they are so confident in their vertues: *Brutus* weele enterchange good night, be thou but as provident ore the Army as we (if our horses fail not) expeditious in our journey: to horse, to horse.

All. Farewell good *Brutus*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucrece and her two maids.

Luc. But one houre more and you shall all to rest:
Now that your Lord is absent from this house,
And that the masters eye is from his charge,
We must be carefull, and with providence
Guide his domestick businesse, we ha now
Given ore all feasting and left revelling,
Which ill becoms the house whose Lord is absent.
We banish all excesse till his return,
In fear of whom my soul doth daily mourn.

1 Madam,

1 Madam, ſo pleaſe you, to repoſe your ſelf
Within your Chamber, leave us to our tasks,
We will not loiter, though you take your reſt.
Luc. Not ſo, you ſhall not overwatch your ſelves
Longer then I wake with you, for it fits
Good huſwives, when their husbands are from home,
To eye their ſervants labours, and in care,
And the true manage of his houſhold ſtate,
Earlieſt to riſe, and to be up moſt late.
Since all his buſineſſe he commits to me,
Ile be his faithfull ſteward till the Camp
Diſſolve, and he return, thus wives ſhould do,
In abſence of their Lords be husbands too.

2 Madam, the Lord *Turnus* his man was thrice for you here, to have intreated you home to ſupper, he ſayes his Lord takes it unkindle he could not have your company.

Luc. To pleaſe a loving husband, Ile offend
The love and patience of my deareſt friend,
Methinks his purpoſe was unreaſonable
To draw me in my husbands abſence forth,
To feaſt and banquet, 'twould have ill becomde me,
To have left the charge of ſuch a ſpacious houſe without both
Lord and Miſtreſſe:
I am opinion'd thus: Wives ſhould not ſtray
Out of their doors their husbands being away:
Lord *Turnus* excuſe me.

1 Pray Madam, ſet me right into my work.

Luc. Being abroad, I may forget the charge
Impoſd me by my Lord, or be compeld
To ſtay out late, which were my husband here,
Might be, without diſtaſte, but he from hence,
With late abroad, there can no excuſe diſpence.
Here, take your work again, a while proceed,
And then to bed, for whilſt you ſow Ile reade.

Enter Sextus, Arruns, Valerius, Collatine, Horatius, Scevola.

Arr. I would have hazarded all my hopes, my wife had not been ſo late a revelling.

Val.

Vale. Nor mine at this time of night a gamboling.

Hor. They weare so much Corke under their heeles they cannot choose but love to caper.

Sco. Nothing does me good, but that if my wife were watching, all theirs were wantoning, and if I ha lost, none can brag of their winnings.

Sex. Now *Collatine* to yours, either *Lucrece* must be better imployd then the rest, or you content to have her vertues rankt with the rest.

Col. I am pleas'd.

Hor. Soft, soft let's steale upon her as upon the rest, least having some watch-word at our arrivall, we may give her notice to be better prepar'd: nay by your leave *Collatine*, weele limit you no advantage.

Col. See Lords, thus *Lucrece* revels with her maids,
In stead of ryot, quaffing, and the practise of high lavoltoes to the ravishing sound of chambring musique, she like a good huswife is teaching of her servants sundrie chares, *Lucrece!*

Luc. My Lord and husband welcome, ten times welcome.
Is it to see your *Lucrece* you thus late
Ha with your persons hazard left the Camp, (rour.
And trusted to the danger of a night so dark, and full of her-

Arn. Lords all's lost.

Hor. By *Iove* ile buy my wife a wheele, and make her spin for this trike.

Sco. If I make not mine learne to live by the pricke of her needle for this I'm no Roman.

Col. Sweete wife salute these Lords, thy continence
Hath won thy husband a Barbary horse and a rich coat of (armes

Luc. O pardon me, the joy to see my Lord,
Tooke from me all respect of their degrees,
The richest entertainement lives with us.
According to the houre and the provision
Of a poore wife in the absence of her husband,
We prostate to you, howsoever meane,
We thus excus'd, Lord *Collatine* may away.
We neither feast, dance, quaffe, riot, nor play,

Sex. if one woman among so many bad, may be found good,

good, If a white wench may prove a blacke swan, It is *Lucrece*, her beautie hath relation to her vertue, and her vertue correspondent to her beauty, and in both she is matchlesse.

Col. Lords will you yeild the wager?

Arn. Stay, the wager was as well which of our Wives was faireſt too, it ſtretcht as well to their beautie as to their continence, who ſhall judge that?

Hor. That can none of us, becauſe we are all parties, let Prince *Sextus* determine it who hath bin with us, and bin an eye witneſſe of their beauties.

Vale. Agreed.

Sex. I am pleaſd with the cenſure of Prince *Sextus*.

Arn. So are we all.

Col. I commit my *Lucrece* holy to the diſpoſe of *Sextus*.

Sex. And *Sextus* commits him holy to the diſpoſe of *Lucrece*

I love the Lady and her grace deſire,
Nor can my love wrong what my thoughes admire.
Arunis, no queſtion but your wife is chaſt,
And thrifty, but this Lady knowes no waſte.
Valerius, yours is modeſt, ſomething faire,
Her grace and beautie are without compare,
Thine *Mutius* well diſpos'd, and of good feature,
But the world yeilds not ſo divine a creature.
Horatius, thine a ſmug laſſe and grac't well,
But amongſt all, faire *Lucrece* doth excell.
Then our impartiall heart and judging eyes,
This verdict gives, faire *Lucrece* wins the prize.

Col. Then Lords you are indebted to me a horſe and armour.

Omnes. We yeild it.

Luc. Will you taſte ſuch welcome Lords, as a poore unprovided houſe can yeild?

Sex. Gramercie *Lucrece*, no, we muſt this night ſleepe by *Ardea* walles.

Lu. But my Lords, I hope my *Collatine* wil not ſo leave his

Sex. He muſt, we have but idled from the Camp, to try a merry wager about their wives, & this the hazard of the kings diſpleaſure, ſhould any man be miſſing from his charge: the

powers

powers that governe *Rome* make divine *Lucrece* for ever happy, good night.

Sce. But *Valerius*, what thinkeſt thou of the country girles from whence we came, compar'd with our city wives whom we this night have try'd.

Val. Scevola thou ſhall heare.

The third new Song.

O yes, roome for the Cryer,
Who never yet was found a lyer.

O ye fine ſmug country Laſſes,
That would for Brookes change chriſtall Glaſſes,
And be tranſhap'd from foot to crowne,
And Straw-beds change for beds of Downe;
Your Partlets turne into Rebatoes,
And ſtead of Carrets eate Potatoes;
Your Fronlets lay by, and your Raylets,
And fringe with gold your daggled Tailes:
Now your Hawke-noſes ſhall have Hoods
And Billements with golden Studs;
Strawe-hats ſhall be no more Bongraces
From the bright Sunne to hide your faces,
For hempen ſmocker to helpe the Itch,
Have linnen, ſewed with ſilver ſtich;
And whereſoere they chance to ſtride,
One bare before to be their guide.
O yes, roome for the Cryer,
who never yet was found a lyer.

Luc. Will not my husband repoſe this night with me?

Hor. Lucrece ſhall pardon him, we ha' tooke our leaves of our wives, nor ſhall *Collatine* be before us though our Ladies in other things come behind you.

Col. I muſt be ſwaid: the joys and the delights of many thouſand nights meete all in one to make my *Lucrece* happy.

Luc. I am bound to your ſtrict will, to each good-night.

Sex. To horſe, to horſe *Lucrece* we cannot reſt,

Till

Till out hot luſt imboſome in thy breſt. *Exeunt, manet Lu.*

Luc. With no unkindneſſe we ſhould our Lords upbraid,
Husbands and Kings muſt alwayes be obaid.
Nothing ſave the high buſines of the ſtate,
And the charge given him at *Ardeas* ſiege,
Could ha made *Collatine* ſo much digreſſe,
From the affection that he beares his wife.
But ſubjects muſt excuſe when Kings claime power.
But leaving this before the charme of ſleepe,
Ceaſe with his downy wings upon my eyes,
I muſt goe take account among my ſervants
Of their dayes taske, we muſt not cherish ſloth,
No covetous thought makes me thus provident,
But to ſhunne, Idleneſſe which wiſe men ſay,
Begets rankeluſt, and vertue beares away. *Exit.*

Enter Sextus, Arruns, Horatius, Brutus, Scevola, Valerius.

Hor. Returne to *Rome* now we are in the midway to the Camp?

Sex. My Lords, 'tis buſineſſe that concernes my life.
To morrow if we live weele viſite thee.

Vale. Will *Sextus* enjoyne me to accompany him?

Sce. Or me?

Sex. Nor you, nor any, 'tis important buſineſſe
And ſerious occurrences that call me,
Perhaps Lords Ile commend you to your wives.
Collatine ſhall I doe you any ſervice to your *Lucrece*?

Col. Onle commend me.

Sex. What, no private token to purchaſe ourkind welcom?

Col. Would Royall *Sextus* would but honour me to beare her a ſlight token.

Sex. What?

Col. This Ring,

Sex. As I am Royall I will ſee't delivered.
This Ring to *Lucrece* ſhall my love convay,
And in this gift thou doſt thy bed betray.
To morrow we ſhall meete, this night ſweet face,

May I prove welcome though a guest ingrate. *Exit.*

Arn. Hees for the Citie, we for the Camp, the night makes the way teadious and melancholly, prethee a merry song to beguile it.

Song. *He sings.*

Val. *There was a young man and a maid fell in love,*
Terry dery ding, terry tery ding, tery tery dino.
To get her good will he often did,
Terry dery ding, terry dery ding langtido dille,
There's many will say, and most will allow, tery dery &c.
There's nothing so good as a terry dery dery, &c.
I would wish all maids before they be sicke, terry dery, &c.
To inquire for a young man that has a good terry dery, &c.

Sce. Nay, my Lord, I heard them all have a concaite of an Englishman, a strange people, in the westerne Islands, one that for his variety in habit, humour and gesture, put downe all other nations whatsoever, a little of that if you love me.

Vale. Well *Scevola*, you shall.

Song.

The Spaniard *lowes his ancient slop,*
The Lumbard *his Venetian,*
And some, like breech-lesse women goe:
The Russe, Turke, Iew, *and* Grecian,
The thrifty Frenchman *wears small waste,*
The Dutch *his belly boasteth:*
The Englishman *is for them all;*
And for each fashion scoffeth.

The Turke *in Linnen wraps his head,*
The Persian *his in* Lawne too.
The Russe *with sables furres his Cap,*
And change will not be drawne too:
The Spaniard *is constant to his blacke;*
The French, *inconstant ever,*

But of all Feasts that can be felt,
Give me your English *Beaver.*

The German *loves his Cony-wooll:*
The Irishman *his Shagge-too.*
The Welsh *his Monmouth loves to weare*
And of the same will bragg too:
Some love the rough, and some th'smooth,
Some great, and others small things:
But Oh, your leoherous Englishman:
He loves to deale in all things.

The Russe *drinkes quasse, Dutch, Inbecke Beere.*
And that is strong, and mighty.
The Brittaine, *he Metheglin quaffes,*
The Irish, *Aqua vitæ.*
The French *affects the Orleance Grape.*
The Spaniard *tasts his Sherry,*
The English none of these can scape:
But hee with all makes merry.

The Italian *in her high Chapens,*
Scotch *Lasse, and lively Fran-too.*
The Spanish *Donne,* French *Madame:*
He will not feare to give too;
Nothing so full of Hazard dread.
Nought lives above the Center,
No Fashion, Health, no Wine, nor Wench,
On which hee dare not venter.

Her. Good *Valerius*, this has brought us even to the skirts of the campe, enter Lords, *Exit. Enter Sextus and Lucrece.*

Luc. This Ring my Lord hath opt the gates to you,
For though I know you for a Royall Prince
My soveraignes Sonne, and freind to *Collatine*
Without that key you had not entred heere.
More lights and see a banquet straight provided,
My love to my deere husband shall appeare

In the kinde welcome that I give his friend.

Sex. Not love-sicke, but love-lunaticke, love-mad:
I am all fire, impatience, and my blood
Boyles in my heart, with loose and censuall thoughts.

Luc. A chaire for the Prince, may't please your highnes sit?

Sex. Madam, with you. (trencher.

Luc. It will become the wife of *Collatine* to wait upon your

Sex. You shall sit; behind us at the camp we left our state,
W'are but your guest, indeede you shall not waite:
Her modestie hath such strong power ore me,
And such a reverence hath sate given her brow,
That it appeares a kinde of blasphemy,
T'have any wanton word harsh in her eares.
I cannot woo, and yet I love beyond measure,
Tis force not suite must purchase this rich treasure.

Luc. Your highnesse cannot taste such homely cates.

Sex. Indeed I cannot feede (but on thy face,
Thou art the banquet that my thoughts imbrace)

Luc. Knew you my Lord, what free and zealous welcome
We tender you, your highnesse would presume
Vpon your entertainment: oft, and many times
I have heard my husband speake of *Sextus* valour,
Extoll your worth, prayse your perfection, (*Lucrece*
to dote upon your valor, and your friendship prise next his

Sex. Oh impious lust, in all things base, respectles and unjust!
Thy vertue, grace, and fame, I must enjoy,
Though in the purchase I all *Rome* destroy.
Madam if I be welcome as your vertue bids me presume I am,
Carouse to me a health unto your husband.

Luc. A womans draught my Lord, to *Collatine.*

Sext. Nay you must drinke off all.

Luc. Your grace must pardon the tender weaknesse of a womans braine.

Sex. It is to *Collatine.*

Luc. Me thinks 'twould ill become the modestie
Of any Roman Lady to carouse,
And drowne her vertues in the juice of grapes.
How can I shew my love unto my husband

To

To doe his wife ſuch wrong? by too much wine
I might neglect the charge of this great houſe
Left ſoly to my keepe, elſe my example
Might in my ſervants breed encouragement
So to offend, both which were pardonleſſe,
Elſe to your Grace I might neglect my dutie,
And ſlacke obeyſance to ſo great a gueſt:
All which being accidentall unto wine.
Oh let me not ſo wrong my *Colatine*.

Sex. We excuſe you, her perfections like a torrent
With violence breaks upon me, and at once
Inverts and ſwallows all that's good in me.
Prepoſterous Fates, what miſchiefes you involve
Vpon a Caitiffe Prince, left to the fury
Of all grand miſchiefs? hath the grandame world
Yet ſmothered ſuch a ſtrange abortive wonder,
That from her vertues ſhould ariſe my ſinne?
I am worſt then whe's moſt ill depriv'd all reaſon
My heart all fierie luſt, my ſoule all treaſon.

Luc. My Lord, I feare your health, your changing brow
Hath ſhewne ſo much diſturbance, noble *Sextus*,
Hath not your ventrous travell from the Campe,
Nor the moyſt rawnes of this humorous night impaird your health?

Sex. Divineſt *Lucrece* no. I cannot eate.

Luc. To reſt then, a rank of torches there, attend the Prince.

Sex. Madam I doubt I am a gueſt this night.
Too trouble ſome, and I offend your reſt.

Lu. This Ring ſpeaks for me, that next *Collatine* you are to me moſt welcome, yet my Lord thus much preſume, without this from his hand, *Sextus* this night could not have entred here: no, not the king himſelfe:
My dores the day time to my friends are free,
But in the night the obdure gates are leſſe kinde.
Without this ring they can no entrance finde.
Lights for the Prince.

Sex. A kiſſe and ſo goodnight, nay for your rings ſake deny not that.

Lu. *Iove* give your highnes ſoft and ſweete repoſe,
Sex. And thee the like with ſoft and ſweete content,
My vowes are fixt, my thoughts on miſchiefe bent.
Exit with torches.

Luc. Tis late, ſo many ſtarres ſhine in this roome,
By reaſon of this great and Princely gueſt,
The world might call our modeſtie in queſtion,
To revell thus, our husband at the Campe,
Haſte and to reſt; ſave in the Princes chamber,
Let not a light appeare, my hearts all ſadneſſe,
Iove unto thy protection I commit
My chaſtitie and honour to thy keepe,
My waking ſoule I give whilſt my thoughts ſleepe. *Exit.*

Enter Clowne and a Servingman.

Clow. Soft, ſoft not too loud, imagine we were now going on the ropes with eggs on our heeles: he that hath but a creking ſhooe I would he had a creeke in is neck, tread not too hard for diſturbing Prince *Sextus*.

Ser. I wonder the Prince would ha none of us ſtay in his Chamber and helpe him to bed.

Clo. What an aſſe art thou to wonder, there may be many cauſes: thou knowſt the Prince is a Souldier, and Souldiers many time want ſhift: who can ſay whether he have a cleane ſhirt on or no: for any thing that we know he hath us'd ſtaves aker, or hath tane a medecine to kill the itch, what's that to us, we did our duty to proffer our ſelves.

Ser. And what ſhould we enter farther into his thoughts? come ſhalls to bed? I me as drowſie as a dormouſe, and my head is as heavy as though I had a night-cap of lead on.

Clow. And my eyes begin to glew themſelves together, I was till ſupper was done all together for your repaſt, and now after ſupper I am onely for your repoſe: I thinke for the two vertues of eating and ſleeping, there's never a Roman ſpirit under the Cope of heaven can put me downe.

Enter Mirable.

Mir. For ſhame what a conjuring, and catter-walling keepe

keepe you here, that my Lady cannot ſleepe : you ſhall have her call by and by, and ſend you all to bed with a witneſſe.

Clo. Sweete Miſtris *Mirable* we are going.

Mir. You are too loud, come, every man diſpoſe him to his reſt, and ile to mine.

Ser. Out with your Torches.

Clow. Come then, and everyman ſneake into his kennell.

Exeunt.

Enter Sextus with his Sword drawne and a Taper light.

Sex. Night be as ſecret as thou art cloſe, as cloſe
As thou art blacke and darke, thou ominous Queene
Of *Tenebroſo* ſilence, make this fatall houre
As true to Rape, as thou haſt made it kind
To murder, and harſh miſchiefe : *Cinthia* maske thy cheeke,
And all you ſparkling elementall fires
Cheake up your beauties in prodigeous fogs,
Or be extinct in ſome thicke vaporous clouds,
Leaſt you behold my practiſe : I am bound
Vpon a blacke adventure, on a deede
That muſt wound vertue, and make beautie bleed,
Pauſe *Sextus*, and before thou runſt thy ſelfe
Into this violent danger, weigh thy ſinne,
Thou art yet free, belov'd, grac'd in the Campe,
Of great opinion and undoubted hope,
Romes darling in the univerſall grace,
Both of the field, and ſenate : were theſe fortunes
To make thee great in both, backe yet, thy fame
Is free from hazard, and thy ſtile from ſhame,
Oh fate ! thou haſt uſurpt ſuch power o're man,
That where thou pleadſt thy will no mortall can.
On then blacke miſchiefe hurrey me the way,
My ſelfe I muſt deſtroy, her life betray,
The ſtate of King and Subject, the diſpleaſure
Of Prince and people, the revenge of nobles,
And the contempt of baſe the incurd vengeance
Of my wronged kinſman *Collatine*, the Treaſon
Againſt divin'ſt *Lucrece* : all theſe totall curſſes

Foreſeene

Foreſeene not feard upon one *Sextus* meete,
To make my dayes harſh: ſo this night be ſweete,
No iarre of Clocke, no ominous hatefull howle
Of any ſtarting Hound, no horſe-coughe breath'd from the
Of any drowſie Groome, wakes this charm'd ſilence (entrals
And ſtarts this generall ſlumber, forward ſtill, *Lu. diſcovered*
To make thy luſt live, all thy vertues kill. (*in her bed.*
Heere, heere, behold! beneath theſe curtains lies
That bright enchantreſſe that hath daz'd my eyes.
Oh who but *Sextus* could commit ſuch waſte?
On one ſo faire, ſo kinde, ſo truly chaſte?
Or like a raviſher thus rudely ſtand,
To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?
Or at ſuch fatall houres theſe revels keepe,
With thought once to defile thy innocent ſleepe,
Save in this breſt, ſuch thoughts could finde no place,
Or pay with treaſon her kinde hoſpitall grace;
But I am luſt-burnt all, bent on what's bad,
That which ſhould calme good thought, makes *Tarquin* mad.
Madam *Lucrece*?

Luc. Whoſe that? oh me! beſhrew you.

Sex. Sweet, tis I.

Luc. What I?

Sex. Make roome.

Luc. My husband *Collatine*?

Sex. Thy husband's at the Campe.

Luc. Heare is no place for any man ſave him.

Sex. Grant me that grace.

Luc. What are you?

Sex. Tarquin and thy friend, and muſt enjoy thee.

Luc. Heaven ſuch ſinnes defend.

Sex. Why doe you tremble Lady? ceaſe this feare,
I am alone, there's no ſuſpicious eare
That can betray this deede: nay ſtart not ſweete.

Luc. Dreame I, or am I full awake? oh no!
I know I dreame to ſee Prince *Sextus* ſo.
Sweete Lord awake me, rid me from this terror,
I know you for a Prince, a Gentleman,

Royall

Royall and honeſt, one that loves my Lord,
And would not wracke a womans chaſtitie
For *Romes* imperiall Diadem, oh then
Pardon this dream, for being awake I know
Prince *Sextus*, Romes great hope, would not for ſhame
Havocke his owne worth, or diſpoile my fame.
Sex. I'me bent on both, my thoughts are all on fire,
Chooſe thee, thou muſt imbrace death, or deſire.
Yet doe I love thee, wilt thou accept it?
Luc. No.
Sex. I not thy love, thou muſt enjoy thy foe.
Where faire meanes cannot, force ſhall make my way:
By *love* I muſt enjoy thee.
Luc. Sweet Lord ſtay.
Sex. I'me all impatience, violence and rage.
And ſave thy bed nought can this fire aſſwage: wilt love me?
Luc. No, I cannot.
Sex. Tell me why?
Luc. Hate me, and in that hate firſt let me die.
Sex. By *Jove* (forbear
Luc. By a God you ſweare to do a devils deed, ſweet Lord
By the ſame *love* I ſweare that made this ſoule,
Never to yeild unto an act ſo fowle. Helpe, helpe.
Sex. Theſe pillowes firſt ſhall ſtop thy breath,
If thou but ſhrickeſt harke how ile frame thy death.
Luc. For death: I cannot, ſo I keepe unſtaind
The uncraz'd honour I have yet maintaind.
Sex. Thou canſt keepe neither, for if thou but ſqueakeſt
Or leaſt the leaſt harſh noiſe jarre in my eare,
Ile broach thee on my ſteele, that done, ſtraight murder
One of thy baſeſt Grooms, and lay you both
Graſpt arme in arme, on thy adulterate bed,
Then call in witneſſe of that mechall ſinne,
So ſhalt thou die, thy death be ſcandalous,
Thy name be odious, thy ſuſpected body
Denide all funerall rites, and loving *Collatine*
Shall hate thee even in death: then ſave all this,
And to thy fortunes adde another friend,

Give thy feares comfort, and these torments end.

Luc. Ile die first, and yet heare me, as y'are noble,
If all your goodnesse and best generous thoughts
Be not exilde your heart, pittie, oh pity
The Vertues of a woman : marre not that
Cannot be made againe : this once defilde,
Not all the Ocean waves can purifie
Or wash my staine away : you seeke to soyle,
That which the radiant splendor of the Sunne
Cannot make bright againe : behold my teares,
Oh thinke them pearled drops, distilled from the heart
Of Soule-chast *Lucrece* : thinke them Orators,
To pleade the cause of absent *Collatine*, your friend and kinsman.

Sex. Tush, I am obdure.

Luc. Then make my name foule, keepe my body pure,
Oh Prince of Princes, do but weigh your sinne,
Thinke how much I shall loose, how small you winne.
I loose the the honour of my name and blood,
Lose, *Romes* imperiall Crowne cannot make good.
You winne the worlds shame and all good mens hate,
Oh who would pleasure, buy at such deere rate,
Nor can you terme it pleasure, for what is sweet,
Where force and hate, jarre and contention meet?
Weigh but for what tis that you urge me still,
To gaine a womans love against her will?
Youle but repent such wrong done a chast wife,
And thinke that labour's not worth all your strife.
Curse your hot lust, and say you have wrong'd your friends,
But all the world cannot make me amends,
I tooke you for a friend, wrong not my trust,
But let these chaste teares quench your fierie lust,

Sex. No, those moist teares contending with my fire,
Quench not my heat, but make it clime much higher:
Ile drag thee hence,

Luc. Oh!

Sex. If thou raise these cries, lodg'd in thy slaughtered armes some base Groome dyes,
And Rome that hath admired thy name so long

Shall

Shall blot thy death with ſcandall from my tongue.

Luc. Iove guard my innocence.

Sex. Lucrece th'art mine:

In ſpight of *Iove* and all the powers divine.

He beares her out.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. What's a Cloche tro? my Lord bad me be early readie with my Gelding, for he would ride betimes in the morning: now had I rather be up an houre before my time then a minute after, for my Lord willbe ſo infinite angry if I but over-ſleepe my ſelfe a moment, that I had better be out of my life then in his diſpleaſure: but ſoft, ſome of my Lord *Collatines* men lie in the next chamber, I care not if I call them up, for it growes towards day: what *Pompey*, *Pompey*?

Clo. Who is that cals?

Ser. 'Tis I.

Clow. Whoſe that, my Lord *Sextus* his man, what a pox make you up before day?

Ser. I would have the key of the Gate to come at my Lords Horſe in the ſtable.

Clo. I would my Lord *Sextus* and you were both in the hay-loft, for *Pompey* can take none of his naturall reſt among you; heres eene Oſtler riſe and give my horſe another pecke of hay.

Ser. Nay good *Pompey* helpe me to the key of the Stable.

Clow. Well, *Pompey* was borne to do *Rome* good in being ſo kinde to the young Princes Gelding, but if for my kindneſſe in giving him Peaſe and Oates he ſhould kicke me, I ſhould ſcarſe ſay God a mercy horſe: but come, Ile goe with thee to the ſtable. *Exeunt*

Enter Sextus and Lucrece unready.

Sex. Nay, weepe not ſweete, what's done is paſt recall,
Call not thy name in queſtion, by this ſorrow
Which is yet without blemiſh, what hath paſt
Is hid from the worlds eye, and onely private
Twixt us, faire *Lucrece*: pull not on my head,
The wrath of *Rome*, if I have done thee wrong.

Love was the cause, thy shame is without blot.
And thou in *Sextus* hast a true friend got.
Nay sweet looke up, thou onely hast my heart,
I must be gone, *Lucrece* a kisse and part.

Lu. Oh! *she flings from him and Exit.*

Sex. No? peevish dame farewell, then be the bruter
Of thy owne shame, which *Tarquin* would conceale.
I am arm'd gainst all can come, let mischiefe frowne,
With all his terror arm'd with ominous face,
To all their spleenes a welcome ile afford.
With this bold heart, strong hand and my good sword. *Exit.*

Enter Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Aruns, Servola, Collatine.

Bru. What so early *Valerius* and your voyce not up yet? thou wast wont to be my Larke, and raise me with thy early notes.

Val. I was never so hard set yet my Lord, but I had ever a fit of mirth for my friend.

Bru. Prethee lets heare it then while we may, for I divine thy musique and my madnesse are both short liv'd; we shall have somewhat else to doe ere long we hope *Valerius*.

Hor. *Iove* send it.

Packe clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweete Ayre blow soft, mount Lark aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the winde, to please her minde,
Notes from the Larke ile borrow;
Bird prune thy wing, Nightingale sing:
To give my love good morrow,
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all ile borrow.

Wake from thy nest Robin red-brest,
Sing Birds in every Furrow,
And from each hill, let Musicke shrill,

Give my faire love good morrow;
Blacke-bird and Thrush, in every Bush,
Stare, Linnet, and Cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my faire love go d morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing Birdes in every Furrow.

Bru. Me thinks our wantes go not well forwards, *Horatius* we have greater enemies to bustle with then the *Ardeans*, if we durst but front them.

Hor. Would it were come to fronting.

Bru. Then we married men should have the advantage of the batchelers *Horatius*, especially such as have reveling wives, those that can caper in the Citie, while their husbands are in the Camp, *Collatine* why are you so sad? the thought of this should not trouble you, having a *Lucrece* to your bedfellow.

Col. My Lord I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry

Sce. Come, come, make him merry, lets have a song in praise of his *Lucrece*.

Val. Content.

The fourth new Song: In the praise of *Lucrece*.

On two white Collomns archt she stands,
Some snow would thinke them sare;
Some Christall, others Lillies stript,
But none of those so pure.

This beauty when I contemplate
What riches I behold,
'Tis roofs within with vertuous thoughts,
Without, 'tis thatcht with gold.

Two doores there are to enter as,
The one I'le not enquire,
Because conceal'd, the other scene,
Whose sight inflames desire.

Whether the porch be Corrall cleere,
Or with rich Crimson lin'd,
Or Rose-leaves, lasting all the yeere
It is not yet divin'd.

Her eyes not made of purest glasse,
Or Christall, but transpareth;
The life of Diamonds they surpasse,
Their very sight insnareth.

That which without we roughnedst call,
To stand 'gainst winde and weather,
For 'its rare beauty equalls all
That I have nam'd together.

For were it not by modest Art
Kept from the sight of skies,
It would strike dim the Sunne it selfe,
And daze the gazers eyes.

The Case so rich, how may we praise
The jewell lodg'd within,
To draw their praise I were unwise,
To wrong them it were sinne.

Aru. I should be frolicke if my brother were but return'd to the Camp.

Hor. And in good time behold Prince *Sextus*.

Omnes. Health to our Generall.

Sex. Thank you.

Bru. Will you suruey your forces, and give order for a present assault, your souldiers long to be tugging with the *Ardeans*.

Sex. No.

Col. Have you seene *Lucretia* my Lord, how fares she?

Sex. Well, Ile to my Tent.

Aru. Why how now, whats the matter brother?

Exeunt the brothers.

Bru.

Bru. Thank you, No, well, Ile to my Tent: Get thee to thy Tent and coward goe with thee, if thou hast noe more spirit, to a speedie encounter.

Vale. Shall I goe after him and know the cause of his discontent?

Sce. Or I my Lord?

Bru. Neither, to pursue a foole in his humor? is the next way to make him more humorous, Ile not be guiltie of his folly, thank you, no, before I wish him health agen when he is sicke of the sullens, may I die, not like a Roman, but like a runagate.

Sce. Perhaps hee's not well.

Bru. Well: then let him be.

Vale. Nay if he be dying I could wish he were, Ile ring out his funerall peale, and this it is.

Come list and harke
The Bell doth towle,
For some but now
Departing soule.
And was not that
Some ominous fowle,
The Bats the Night-
Crew or Skreech-Owle.
To these I heare
The wild-Woolfe Howle
In this black night
That seemes to Skowle.
All these my black-
Booke, shall in-rowle.
For Harke still still
The Bell doth towle
For some but now
Departing soule.

Sce. Excellent *Valerius*, but is not that *Collatines* man?

Enter Clowne.

Vale. The newes with this hasty post.

Clo.

Clo. Did no body see my Lord *Collatine*? oh! my Ladie commends her to you, her's a letter.

Col. Give it me.

Clo. Fie upon't, never was poore *Pompey* so ever-labour'd as I have beene, I thinke I have spurd my horse such a question, that he is scarce able to wig or wag his tayle for an answere, but my Lady bad me spare for no horse flesh, and I thinke I have made him runne his race.

Bru. Cosen *Collatine* the newes at *Rome*?

Col. Nothing but what you all may well pertake, reade here my Lord, *Brutus reades the letter.*

Deere Lord, if ever thou will see thy *Lucrece*,
Choose of the friends which thou affectest best,
And all important businesse set apart,
Repaire to *Rome*: commend me to Lord *Brutus*,
Valerius, *Mutius*, *Horatius*.
Say I in treat their presence, where my Father
Lucretius shall attend them, farewell sweet,
Th' affaires are great, then doe not fail to meete.

Bru. Ile thither as I live. *Exit.*

Col I though I die. *Exit.*

Sce. To *Rome* with expeditious wings weale flie. *Exit.*

Hor. The newes, the newes, if it have any shape
Of sadnesse, if some prodegie have chanst,
That may beget revenge, ile cease to chase,
Vex, martyr, grieve, tortule, torment my selfe,
And tune my humor to strange strains of mirth,
My soule divines some happinesse, speake, speake:
I know thou hast some newes that will create me
Merrie and musicall, for I would laugh, (thee.
Be new transhapt, I prethee sing *Valerius* that I may ayre with

The last new Song.

I'de thinke my selfe as proud in Shackles,
As doth the ship in all her Tackles.
The wise-man boasts no more his Braines.
Then I'de insult in Gyves and Chaines.

As

As Creditors would use these Debtors,
So could I toſſe and ſhake my Fetters,
But not confeſſe, my thoughts ſhould be
In durance faſt as thoſe kept me.
And could when ſpight their hurts inuirons,
Then dance to th' muſick of my Irons.

Vale. Now tell us what's the project of thy meſſage?

Clo. My Lords, the Princely *Sextus* has been at home, but what he hath done there I may partly miſtruſt, but cannot altogether reſolve you: beſides, my Lady ſwore me, that whatſoever I ſuſpected I ſhould ſay nothing.

Val. If thou wilt not ſay thy minde I prethee ſing thy minde, and then thou maiſt ſave thine oath.

Clo. Indeed I was not ſworne to that, I may either laugh out my newes or ſing em, and ſo I may ſave mine oath to my Lady.

Hor. How's all at *Rome*, that with ſuch ſad preſage
Diſturbed *Collatine* and noble *Brutus*
Are hurried from the Camp with *Scevola*?
And we with expedition amongſt the reſt,
Are charg'd to *Rome*? I peake what did *Sextus* there with thy faire Miſtreſſe?

Val. Second me my Lord, and weele urge him to diſcloſe it.

Valerius, Horatius, and the Clowne their Catch.

Val. *Did he take faire Lucrece by the tee man?*
Hor. *Tee man.*
Val. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha ha man.*
Hora. *And further did he ſtriue to go man?*
Clow. *Goe man.*
Hor. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, ſa derry derry downe ha ſa derry dino.*
Val. *Did he take faire Lucrece by the heele man?*

Clow. *Feele man.*
Val. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *And did he further strive to feele man?*
Clow. *Feele man.*
Hor. *I man.*
Clo. *Ha ha ha ha man, ha fa derry. &c.*
Val. *Did he take the Lady by the shin man?*
Clow. *Shin man.*
Val. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *Further too would he have been man?*
Clow. *Been man.*
Hor. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, Ha fa dery, &c.*
Val. *Did he take the Lady by the knee man?*
Clow. *Knee man.*
Val. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *Further then that would he be man?*
Clow. *Be man.*
Hor. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c.*
Val. *Did he take the Lady by the thigh man.*
Clow. *Thigh man.*
Val. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man*
Hor. *And now he came it somewhat nie man.*
Clow. *Nie man.*
Hor. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, Hey fa dery, &c.*
Val. *But did he do the tother thing man?*
Clow. *Thing man?*
Val. *I man.*
Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*
Hor. *And as the same had he a fling man.*
Clo. *Fling man.* Hor. *I man.* Clo. *Hey ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c.* *Exeunt.*

A Table and a Chaire covered with blacke.

Lucrece and her Maid.

Luc. Mirable!

Maid. Madam.

Luc. Is not my father old *Lucretius* come yet?

Maid. Not yet.

Luc. Nor any from the Campe?

Maid. Neither Madam.

Luc. Go, begon, and leave me to the trueſt grief of heart,
That ever entred any Matrons breſt: Oh!

Maid. Why weepe you Lady? alas why do you ſtaine
Your modeſt cheekes with theſe offenſive teares?

Luc. Nothing, nay, nothing: oh you powerfull Gods,
That ſhould have Angels guardents on your throne.
To protect innocence and chaſtitie! oh why
Suffer you ſuch inhumane maſſacre
On harmleſſe vertue? wherefore take you charge,
On ſinleſſe ſoules to ſee them wounded thus
With Rape or violence? or give white innocence,
Armor of proofe gainſt ſinne: for by oppreſſion
Kill vertue quite, and guerdon baſe tranſgreſſion?
Is it my fate above all other women?
Or is my ſinne more hainous then the reſt,
That amongſt Thouſands, millions, infinites,
I, onely I, ſhould to this ſhame be borne,
To be a ſtaine to women, natures ſcorne? oh!

Maid. What ailes you Madam, truth you make me weep
To ſee you ſhed ſalt teares: what hath oppreſt you?
Why is your chamber hung with mourning blacke?
Your habit ſable, and your eyes thus ſwolne
With ominous teares, alas what troubles you?

Luc. I am not ſad, thou didſt deceive thy ſelfe,
I did not weepe, ther's nothing troubles me,
But wherefore doſt thou bluſh?

Maid. Madam not I.

Luc. Indeed thou didſt, and in that bluſh my gilt thou didſt (betray
How cam'ſt thou by the notice of my ſinne?

Maid. What ſinne?

Luc. My blot, my scandall, and my shame:
Oh *Tarquin*, thou my honour did'st betray,
Disgrace no time, no age can wipe away, oh!
Maid. Sweet Lady cheare your selfe, Ile fetch my Violl,
And see if I can sing you fast asleepe.
A little rest would weare away this passion.
Luc. Do what thou wilt, I can command no more;
Being no more a woman, I am now
Devote to death and an inhabitant
Of th'other world: these eyes must ever weepe
Till fate hath closd them with eternall sleepe.

Enter Brutus, Collatine, Horatius, Servola, Valerius one way Lucretius another way.

Luc. Brutus!
Brn. Lucretius.
Luc. Father!
Col. Lucrece!
Luc. Collatine!
Brn. How cheare you Madam? how ist with you cousen?
Why is your eye deject and drown'd in sorrow?
Why is this funerall blacke, and ornaments
Of widdow-hood? resolve me cousen *Lucrece*.
Hor. How fare you Lady?
Old Luc. What's the matter girle?
Col. Why how is't with you *Lucrece*, tell me sweete?
Why do'st thou hide thy face? and with thy hand
Darken those eyes that were my Sonnes of joy,
To make my pleasures flourish in the Spring?
Luc. Oh me!
Val. Whence are these sighes and teares?
Ser. How growes this passion?
Brn. Speake Lady, you are hem'd in with your friends.
Girt in a pale of safety, and environ'd
And circled in a fortresse of your kindred.
Let not these drops fall fruitles to the ground,
Nor let your sighes adde to the senceless wind.
Speake, who hath wrong'd you?

Luc.

Luc. Ere I speake my woe,
Sweare youle revenge poore *Lucrece* on her foe.
Bru. Be his head archt with gold,
Hor. Be his hand arm'd with an imperiall Scepter.
Old Luc. Be he great as *Tarquin*, thron'd in an imperiall seat.
Bru. Be he no more then mortall, he shall feele
The vengefull edge of this victorious steele.
Luc. Then sear you Lords, whilst I expresse my wrong.
Father dear husband, and my kinsman, Lords,
Heare me, I am dishonour'd and disgrac'd,
My reputation mangled, my renowne
disparaged, but my body, oh my body.
Col. What *Lucrece*?
Luc. Stain'd, polluted, and defil'd.
Strange steps are found in my adulterate bed,
And though my thoughts be white as innocence,
Yet is my body foild with lust-burn'd sinne,
And by a stranger I am strumpeted, (Matrons.
Ravisht, in forc'd, and am no more to rank among the Roman
Br. Yet cheere you Lady, and restraine these teares,
If you were forc'd the sin concernes not you, Ravisher?
A woman's borne but with womans strength: who was the
Hor. I, name him Lady, our love to you shall only thus appeare, in the revenge that we will take on him.
Luc. I hope so Lords, 'twas *Sextus* the Kings Sonne.
Omnes. How? *Sextus Tarquin*!
Luc. That unprincely Prince, who guest-wise entred with my husbands Ring,
This Ring, oh *Collatine*! this Ring you sent
Is cause of all my woe, your discontent.
I feasted him, then lodg'd him, and bestowde
My choicest welcome, but in the dead of night
My traiterous guest came arm'd unto my bed,
Frighted my silent sleepe, threatned, and praid
For entertainment: I despised both.
Which hearing, his sharp pointed Semiter
The Tyrant bent against my naked breast,
Alas, I beg'd my death, but note his tyranny

He brought with him a torment worse then death,
For having murdred me, he Swore to kill
One of my baseſt Groomes, and lodge him dead
In my dead armes: then call in teſtimonie
Of my adulterie, to make me hated
Even in my death, of husband, father, friends,
Of *Rome* and all the world: this, this, oh princes, Raviſht and kild me at once.

Col. Yet comfort Lady, I quit thy guilt, for what could *Lucrece* doe more then a woman? hadſt thou dide polluted
By this baſe ſcandall, thou hadſt wrong'd thy fame:
And hindred us of a moſt juſt revenge.

All. What ſhall we do Lords?

Bru: Lay your reſolute hands upon the ſword of *Brutus*,
Vow and ſweare, as you hope meed for merit from the Gods,
Or feare reward for ſinne, from devils below:
As you are Romans, and eſteeme your fame
More then your lives, all humorous toyes ſet off:
Of madding, ſinging, ſmiling, and what elſe,
Receive your native valours, be your ſelves,
And joyne with *Brutus* in the juſt revenge
Of this chaſte raviſht Lady ſweare.

All. We do.

Luc. Then with your humours heere my grief ends too,
My ſtained thus wipe off, call in my ſighes,
And in the hope of this revenge, forbeare
Even to my death to fall one paſſionate teare,
Yet Lords, that you may crowne my innocence
With your beſt thoughts, that you may henceforth know
We are the ſame in heart we ſeeme in ſhow.
And though I quit my ſoule of all ſuch ſin, *The Lords whiſper*
Ile not debare my body puniſhment:
Let all the world, learne of a Roman dame,
To priſe her life leſſe then her honor'd fame. *Kils her ſelfe.*

Lucr. Lucrece.
Col. Wife.
Bru. Lady.
Scov. She hath ſlaine her ſelfe.

Val. Oh see yet Lords if there be hope of life,
Bru. She's dead, then turne your funerall teares to fire
And indignation, let us now redeeme
Our mis-spent time, and over take our sloath
With hostile expedition, this great Lords,
This bloody knife, on which her chaste blood flowed,
Shall not from *Brutus* till some strange revenge fall on the heads of *Tarquins*.
Hor. Now's the time to call their pride to comp',
Brutus lead on, Weele follow thee to their confusion.
Vale. By *Iove* we will, the sprightfull youth of *Rome*
Trickt up in plumed harnesse shall attend
The march of *Brutus*, whom we here create our Generall against the *Tarquins*.
Scev. Be it so.
Bru. We embrace it: now to stir the wrath of Rome,
You, *Collatine* and good *Lucretius*,
With eyes yet drown'd in teares, beare that chaste body
Into the market place: that horred object,
Shall kindle them with a most just revenge.
Hor. To see the father and the husband mourne
Ore this chaste Dame, that have so well deserv'd
Of Rome and them, then to infer the pride,
The wrongs and the perpetuall tyranny
Of all the *Tarquins*, *Servius Tullius* death,
And his unnaturall usage by that Monster revenge.
Tullia the Queene. All these shall well concurre in a combind
Bru. *Lucrece*, thy death weele mourne in glittering armes
And plumed caskes: beare that reverend loade,
Vnto the *Forum* where our force shall meete
To set upon the pallas, and expell
This viperous brood from Rome: I know the people
Will gladly imbrace our fortunes: *Scevola*,
Go you and muster powers in *Brutus* name,
Valerius, you assist him instantly,
And to the mazed people freely speake the cause of this concourse.
Val. We go. *Exeunt. Vale. & Scev.*

Bru.

Bru. And you dear Lord, whose speechlesse griefs is bound.
Turne all your teares with ours, to wrath and rage, lesse.
The hearts of all the *Tarquins* shall weepe blood
Vpon the funerall Hearse, with whose chast body,
Honour your armes, and to th'assembled people,
Disclose her innocent woundes: Graniercies Lords,

A great shout and a flourish with drums and Trumpets

That universall shout tels me their words
Are gratious with the people, and their troopes
Are ready imbattelld, and expect but us
To lead them on, *Iove* give our fortunes speed.
Weele murder, murder, and base rape shall bleed.

Alarum, Enter in the fight Tarquin and Tullia flying, pursude by Brutus, and the Romans march with Drum and Colors, Porsenna, Aruns, Sextus, Tarquin, and Tullia meets and joynes with them: To them Brutus and the Romans with Drum and souldiers: they make a stand.

Bru. Even thus farre Tyrant have we dog'd thy steps,
Frighting thy Queene and thee with horrid steele:
Tar. Lodg'd in the safetie of *Porsennaes* armes,
Now Trayter *Brutus* we dare front thy pride:
Hor. Porsenna th'art unworthy of a scepter,
To shelter pride, lust, rape, and tyrannie,
In that proud Prince and his confederate Peeres.
Sex. Trayters to heaven: to *Tarquin*, Rome and us,
Treason to Kings doth stretch even to the Gods,
And those high Gods that take great Rome in charge,
shall punish your rebellion.
Col. Oh Devill *Sextus*, speake not thou of Gods,
Nor cast those false and fained eyes to heaven,
Whose rape the furies must torment in Hell,
of *Lucrece*, *Lucrece*.
Sec. Her chaste blood still cries for vengeance to the Etherial deities.
Luc. Oh 'twas a foule deed *Sextus*.

Val.

Val. And thy ſhame ſhall be eternall and out live her fame.

Arn. Say *Sextus* lov'd her, was ſhe not a woman,
I, and perhaps was willing to be forc'd,
Muſt you being privat ſubjects dare to Ring
Warres loud alarum gainſt your potent King?

Por. Brutus therein thou doſt forget thy ſelfe,
And wrong'ſt the glory of thine Anceſtors, ſtayning thy blood with Treaſon.

Bru. Tuſcan know the Conſull *Brutus* is their powerfull foe.

All Tarquine. Conſull.

Hor. I conſull and the powerfull hand of Rome
Graſpes his imperiall ſword: the name of King
The Tyrant *Tarquins* have made odious
Vnto this nation and the generall knee
Of this our warlike people, now low bends
To royall *Brutus* where the Kings name ende.

Bru. Now *Sextus* wher's the Oracle, when I kiſt
My Mother earth it plainely did foretell,
My Noble vertues did thy ſinne exceed,
Brutus ſhould ſway, and luſt burnt *Tarquin* bleed.

Val. Now ſhall the blood of *Servius*, fall as heavie
As a huge mountaine on your Tyrant heads, ore whelming all your glorie.

Hor. Tullia's guilt, ſhall be by us reveng'd, that in her pride
In blood paternall, her rough coach-wheeles di'd.

Luc. Your Tyrannies:

Ser. Pride.

Col. And my *Lucrece* fate, ſhall all be ſwallowed in this hoſtile hate.

Sex. Oh *Romulus*, thou that firſt reard yon walles
In ſight of which we ſtand, in thy ſofte boſome
Is hugg'd, the neſt in which the *Tarquins* build;
Within the branches of thy lofty ſpires
Tarquin ſhall pearch, or where he once hath ſtood,
His high built airy ſhall be drown'd in blood;
Alarum then *Brutus* by heaven I vow,
My ſword ſhall prove thou nere waſt made till now.

Bru. *Sextus*, my madneſſe with your lives expires,
Thy ſenſuall eyes are fixt upon that wall,
Thou nere ſhall enter, Rome confines you all.
Por. A charge then.
Tar. *Iove* and *Tarquin*.
Hor. But we crie a *Brutus*.
Bru. *Lucrece*, fame and victory.

Alarum, the Romans are beaten off.
Alarum, Enter Brutus, Horatius Valerius, Seevola,
Lucretius and Collatine.

Bru. Thou *Iouiall* hand hold up thy Scepter high,
And let not Iuſtice be oppreſt with Pride,
Oh you *Penates* leave not Rome and us,
Graſpt in the purple hands of death and ruine, the *Tarquins* have the beſt.
Hor. Yet ſtand, my foote is fixt upon this bridge; Tiber,
Thy arched ſtreames ſhall be chang'd crimſon, with
The Roman blood before I budge from hence.
Sce. *Brutus* retire, for if thou enter Rome
We are all loſt, ſtand not on valour now,
But ſave thy people, let's ſurvive this day,
To trie the fortunes of another field.
Val. Breake downe the Bridge leaſt the purſuing enemy
Enter with us and take the ſpoile of *Rome*.
Hor. Then breake behinde me, for by heaven il'e grow
And roote my foote as deepe as to the center, before I leave this paſſage.
Luc. Come your mad.
Col. The foe comes on, and we in trifling heere, hazard our ſelfe and people.
Hor. Save them all, to make *Rome* ſtand, *Horatius* here will fall.
Bru. We would not looſe thee, do not breſt thy ſelfe
'Gainſt thouſands, if thou front'ſt them, thou art ring'd
With million ſwords and darts, and we behind
Muſt breake the Bridge of *Tyber* to ſave *Rome*.
Before thee infinite gaze on thy face.

And

And menace death, the raging ſtreames of *Tyber* are at thy backe to ſwallow thee.

Hor. Retire, to make *Rome* live, tis death that I deſire.

Bru. Then farewell dead *Horatius*, thinke in us
The unvierſall arme of Potent *Rome*,
Takes his laſt leave of thee in this embrace. *All embrace him.*

Hor. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

Bru. Theſe arches all muſt downe to interdict their paſſage through the towne.

Exeunt.

Alarum, Enter Tarquin, Porſenna, and Aruns with their pikes and Targetons.

All. Enter, enter, enter. *A noiſe of knocking downe the bridge.*

Hor. Softr *Tarquin*, See a bullwarke to the bridge, (*within.*
You firſt muſt paſſe, the man that entres here
Muſt make his paſſage through *Horatius* breſt,
See with this Target do I buckler *Rome*, (Kings.
And with this ſword defie the puiſſant army of two great

Por. One man to face an hoſt!
Charge ſouldiers, of full forty thouſand Romans
Theres but one daring hand againſt your hoſt,
To keep you from the ſacke or ſpoile of *Rome*, charge, charge.

Aruns. Vpon them Souldiers, *Alarum, Alarum.*

Enter in ſeverall places, Sextus and Valerius above.

Sex. Oh cowards ſlaves, and vaſſals, what not enter?
Was it for this you plac'd my regiment
Vpon a hill to be the ſad ſpectator
Of ſuch a generall cowardiſe? *Tarquin, Aruns, Porſenna*, ſouldiers paſſe *Horatius* quickly,
For they behind him wil devolue the bridge,
And raging *Tyber* that's impaſſible,
Your hoaſt muſt ſwimme before you conquer *Rome*.

Val. Yet ſtand *Horatius*, beare but one brunt more,
The arched bridge ſhall ſinke upon his piles.
And in his fall lift thy renown to heaven.

Sex. Yet enter.

Val. Dear *Horatius*, yet ſtand and ſave a million by one powerfull hand.

Alarum, and the falling of the Bridge.

Aruns and all. Charge, charge, charge.

Sex. Degenerate ſlaves, the Bridge is falne Rome's loſt.

Vale. Horatius, thou art ſtronger then their hoſte,
Thy ſtrength is valour, theirs are idle braves,
Now ſave thy ſelf, and leap into the waves.

Hor. Porſenna, Tarquin, now wade paſt your depths
And enter Rome, I feel my body ſinke
Beneath my ponderous weight, Rome is preſerv'd,
And now farewell; for he that follows me
Muſt ſearch the bottome of this raging ſtream,
Fame with thy golden wings renowne my Creſt,
And *Tyber* take me on thy ſilver breſt. *Exit.*

Por. Hee's leapt off from the bridge and drownd himſelf.

Sex. You are deceiv'd, his ſpirit ſoares too high
To be choakt in with the baſe element
Of water, lo he ſwims arm'd as he was,
Whilſt all the army have diſcharg'd their arrowes,
Of which the ſhield upon his back ſticks full.

ſhoot and floriſh.

And hark, the ſhout of all the multitude
Now welcoms him a land: *Horatius* fame
Hath chekt our armies with a generall ſhame,
But come, to morrows fortune muſt reſtore
This ſcandall, which I of the Gods implore.

Por. Then we muſt finde another time faire Prince
To ſcourge theſe people, and revenge your wrongs.
For this night ile betake me to my tent.

A Table and Lights in the tent.

Tar. And we to ours, to morrow wee'll renowne
Our army with the ſpoile of this rich Towne.

Exit Tarquin cum ſuis.

Enter Secretary.

Por. Our Secretary.

Secret.

Secret. My Lord.

Por. Command Lights and Torches in our Tents.

Enter Souldiers with Torches.

And let a guard ingirt our safety round,
Whilst we debate of Military businesse:
Come, sit and let's consult.

Enter Seevola disguised.

Scev. Horatius, famous for defending Rome,
But we ha done nought worthy *Seevola*,
Nor a Roman I in this disguise
Have past the army and the puissant guard
Of King *Porsenna*: this should be his tent;
And in good time, now fate direct my strength
Against a King, to free great *Rome* at length.

Secret. Oh I am slain, treason, treason.

Porsen. Villaine what hast thou done?

Scevo. Why slain the King.

Porsen. What King?

Scevo. Porsenna.

Porsen. Porsenna lives to see thee tortured,
With plagues more direfull then the pains of Hell.

Scev. Oh too rash *Mutius*, hast thou miss thy aime?
And thou base hand that didst direct my Poniard
Against a Peasants breast, behold thy error
Thus I will punish: I will give thee freely
Vnto the fire, nor will I wear a limbe,
That with such rashnesse shall offend his Lord.

Por. What will the madman do?

Scev. Porsenna so, punish my hand thus, for not killing thee.
Three hundred noble lads beside my self
Have vow'd to all the gods that patron *Rome*,
Thy ruine for supporting tyranny:
And though I fail, expect yet every houre,
When some strange fate thy fortunes will devoure.

Por. Stay Roman, we admire thy constancy,
And scorne of fortune, go, return to *Rome*,
We give thee life, and say, The king *Porsenna*,

Whose life thou seek'st is in this honorable,
Passe freely, guard him to the walls of Rome,
And were we not so much ingagde to *Tarquin*,
We would not lift a hand against that nation that breeds
such noble spirits. *Exit.*

Scev. Well I go, and for revenge take life even of my foe.

Porſ. Conduct him safely: what a Gallant
Sworne to our death, and all resolv'd like him!
Weele prove for *Tarquin*, if they faile our hopes,
Peace shall be made with Rome, but first our secretary
Shall have his rights of Funerall, then our shield
We must addresse next for to morrowes field. *Exit.*

Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Collatius, Lucrece Marching.

Bru. By thee we are Consull, and still govern Rome,
Which but for thee, had bin dispoild and tane,
Made a confused heape of men and stones,
Swimming in bloud and slaughter, deare *Horatius*
Thy noble picture shall be carv'd in brasse,
And fixt for thy perpetuall memory in our high Capitoll.

Hor. Great Consull Thankes, but leaving this, lets
March out of the Citie.
And once more bid them battell on the plaines.

Val. This day my soule divines we shall live free
From all the furious *Tarquins*: but where's *Scevola*? we see
not him to day.

Enter Scevola.

Here Lords, behold me handlesse as you see.
The cause I mist *Porsenna* in his tent,
And in his stead kild but his secretary.
The moved King when he beheld me punish
My rash mistake, with losse of my right hand,
Vnbeg'd and almost scorn'd he gave me life,
Which I had then refus'd, but in desire to venge faire *Lucrece*
Rape. *Sat alarum.*

Hor. Deare *Scevola* thou hast exceeded us in our resolve,
But will the *Tarquins* give us present battell?

Sce. That may ye heare, the Skirmish is begun already twixt the horse.

Luc. Then noble Consull lead our maine Battell on.

Bru. Oh *Iove* this day ballance our cause, and let her innocent bloud, destroy the heads of all the *Tarquins*, see this day
In her cause do we consecrate our lives.
And in defence of Iustice now march on:
I heare their Martiall musique, be our shock
As terrible as are the meeting clouds
That breake in thunder, yet our hopes are faire,
And this rough charge shall all our hopes repaire.

Exeunt, Alarum battell within.

Enter Porsenna and Aruns.

Porsen. Yet grow our lofty plumes unflag'd with bloud, And yet sweet pleasure wantons in the aire: How goes the battell *Aruns?*

Aru. Tis even balanst, I enter chang'd with *Brutus* hand to hand a dangerous encounter, both are wounded, and had not the rude preasse divided us, one had dropt downe to earth.

Por. Twas bravely fought. I saw the King your father free his person from Thousand Romans that begirt his state, where flying arrowes thick as attomes sung about his eares.

Aru. I hope a glorious day come *Tuscan King* let's on them.

Alarum,

Enter Horatius and Valerius:

Hor. Aruns stay, that sword that late did drinke the Consuls bloud, must with keene phang tire upon my flesh, or this on thine.

Aruns. It sparde the Consuls life to end thy dayes in a more glorious strife.

Val. I stand against thee *Tuscan,*

Por. I for thee.

Hor. Where ere I finde a *Tarquin* he's for me.

Alarum, fight, Aruns slain, Porsenna Expulst,

Alarum, Enter Tarquin with an arrow in his brest, Tullia with him, pursude by Collatine, Lucretius, Seruoli.

Since

Tar. Faire *Tullia* leave me, save thy selfe by flight,
Since mine is desperate, behold I am wounded
Even to the death: there stayes within my tent
A winged leuret, mount his back and fly,
Live to revenge my death since I must die.
Tul. Had I the heart to tread upon the bulke
Of my dead father, and to see him slaughtered,
Only for the love of *Tarquin* and a Crown,
And shall I fear death more then losse of both?
No, this is *Tullia's* fame rather then fly
From *Tarquin*, 'mongst a thousand swords shee'l dy.
All. Hew them to pieces both.
Tar. My *Tullia* save,
And ore my caitiffe head those Meteors wave.
Coll. Let *Tullia* yeild then.
Tul. Yeild me, Cockold no;
Mercy I scorne, let me the danger know.
Sce. Vpon them then.
Val. Let's bring them to their fate,
And let them perish in the peoples hate.
Tul. Fear not, Ile back thee husband.
Tar. But for thee,
Sweet were the hand that this charg'd soul could free,
Life I despise, let noble *Sextus* stand
To avenge our death, even till these vitals end,
Scorning my own, thy life will I defend.
Tul. And Ile sweet *Tarquin* to my power guard thine,
Come on ye slaves and make this earth divine.

Alarum, Tarquin and Tullia slaine.

Alarum, Brutus all bloody.

Brut. *Arnus*, this crimson favour for thy sake,
Ile weare upon my forehead maskt with blood,
Till all the moysture in the *Tarquins* veines
Be spilt upon the earth, and leave thy body
As dry as the parcht Summer, burnt and scorcht with the Canicular starrs.
Hor. *Arnus* lies dead,
By this brigh sword that towr'd about his head.

Col. And see great Consull, where the pride of *Rome* lies sunke and fallen.

Val. Besides him lies the Queen mangled and hewn amongst the Roman Souldiers.

Hor. Lift up their slaughter'd bodies, help to tear them against this hill in view of all the Camp.
This sight will be a terrour to the foe, and make them yeild or fly.

Bru. But wher's the Rauisher, injurious *Sextus*, that we see not him?

short Alarum.

Enter Sextus.

Sex Through broken spears, crackt swords, unboweld steeds,
Flaude armors, mangled limbs, and batter'd casks,
Knee deep in blood, I ha pierst the Roman host to be my Fathers rescue.

Hor. 'Tis too late, his mounting pride's sunk in the peoples hate.

Sex. My Father, Mother, Brother! fortune, how
I do defie thee, I expose my self
To horrid danger, safety I despise:
I dare the worst of perill, I am bound.
On till this pile of flesh be all one wound.

Val. Begirt him Lords, this is the Rauisher,
Ther's no revenge for *Lucrece* till he fall.

Luc. Cease *Sextus* then!

Sex. *Sextus* defies you all; yet will you give me language ere I die.

Bru. Say on.

Sex. 'Tis not for mercy, for I scorne that life
That's given by any, and the more to adde
To your immense immeasurable hate,
I was the spur unto my fathers pride,
'Twas I that aw'd the Princes of the land;
That made thee *Brutus* mad, these discontent:
I rauisht the chaste *Lucrece*; *Sextus* I,
Thy daughter, and thy wife, *Brutus* thy Cousin,
Allide indeed to all; 'twas for my Rape,

Her constant hand ript up her innocent brest, 'twas *Sextus* did all this.

Col. Which ile revenge.

Hor. Leave that to me.

Luc. Old as I am Ile doo't.

Sec. I have one hand left yet, of strength enough to kill a Ravisher.

Sex. Come all at once, I all; yet heare me *Brutus*,
Thou art honourable,
And my words tend to thee: My father dide
By many hands, What's he mongst you can challenge
The least, I smallest honour in his death?
If I be kill'd among this hostile throng,
The poorest snakie souldier well may claime
As much renowne in noble *Sextus* death,
As *Brutus*, thou, or thou *Horatius*:
I am to die, and more then die I cannot,
Rob not your selves of honour in my death.
When the two mightiest spirits of *Greece* and *Troy*,
Tug'd for the mastry, *Hector* and *Achillis*,
Had puissant *Hector* by *Achillis* hand,
Dide in single monomachie, *Achillis*
Had bin the Worthy; but being slain by odds,
The poorest *Mirmidon* had as much honour
As faint *Achillis* in the *Trojans* death.

Bru. Hadst thou not done a deed so execrable
That gods and men abhorre, ide love thee *Sextus*,
And hug thee for this challenge breath'd so freely:
Behold, I stand for *Rome* as Generall,
Thou of the *Tarquins* doest alone survive,
The head of all these garboyles, the chief actor
Of that black sin, which we chastise by armes.
Brave Romans, with your bright swords be our lists,
And ring us in, none dare to offend the Prince
By the least touch, lest he incurre our wrath:
This honour do your Consull, that his hand
May punish this arch-mischiefe, that the times
Succeeding may of *Brutus* thus much tell,

By

By him, Pride, Luſt, and all the *Tarquins* fell.
Sex. To raiſh *Lucrece* Cuckold *Collatine*,
And ſpill the chaſteſt blood that ever ran
In any Matrons vaines, repents me not
So much as to ha wrong'd a Gentleman
So noble as the Conſull in this ſtrife.
Brutus be bold, thou fightes with one ſcornes life.
Bru. And thou with one, that leſſe then his renown,
Priſeth his blood, at *Romes* imperiall Crowne.

Alarum, a fierce fight with ſword and target, then after pauſe and breathe.

Bru. Sextus ſtand faire, much honor ſhall I win
To revenge *Lucrece* and chaſtiſe thy ſin.
Sext. I repent nothing, may I live or die,
Though my blood fall, my ſpirit ſhall mount on hie.

Alarum, fight with ſingle ſwords, and being deadly wounded and panting for breath, making a ſtreak at each together with their gantlets they fall.

Hor. Both ſlaine! Oh noble *Brutus*, this thy fame
To after ages ſhall ſurvive; thy body
ſhall have a faire and gorgious Sepulchre:
For whom the Matrons ſhall in funerall black
Mourn twelue ſad Moones, thou that firſt govern'd
And ſwaid the people by a Conſuls name. (*Rome*,
Theſe bodies of the *Tarquins* weele commit
Vnto the funerall pile: you *Collatine*
Shall ſucceed *Brutus*, in the Conſuls place,
Whom with this Lawrell wreath we here create.
Crowne him with a Lawrell.
Such is the peoples voyce, accept it then.
Col. We do, and may our powre ſo juſt appeare,
Rome may have peace, both with our love and feare.
But ſoft, what march is this?

Florish. Porsenna, Drum, Collatine and Souldiers.

Por. The *Tuscan* King, seeing the *Tarquins* slain,
Thus arm'd and battell'd offers peace to *Rome*:
To confirme which, Wele give you present hostage;
If you deny, Wele stand upon our guard,
And by the force of armes, maintain our own.

Val. After so much effusion and large waste
Of Roman blood, the name of peace is welcome:
Since of the *Tarquins* none remain in *Rome*,
And *Lucrece* Rape is now reveng'd at full,
'Twere good to entertain *Porsenna's* League.

Col. Porsenna we embrace, whose Royall presence
Shall grace the Consull to the funerall pile.
March on to *Rome*, *Iove* be our guard and guide,
That hath in us, veng'd Rape, and punishit Pride.

Exeunt.

To the Reader.

BEcause we would not that any mans expectation should be deceived in the ample Printing of this Book: Lo, (Gentle Reader) we have inserted these few Songs, which were added by the stranger that lately acted *Valerius* his part, in forme following.

The

The Cryes of Rome.

THus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Round and sound all of a coller,
Buy a very fine marking stone, marking stone,
Round and sound all of a coller,
Buy a very fine marking stone a very very fine.
Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Bread and — meat — bread — and meat
For the — ten — der — mercy of God to the
poore pris — ners of Newgate, foure-
score and ten — poore — prisoners.
Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Salt — salt — white wor — ster shire salt,
Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Buy a very fine Mouse trap, or a tormentor
for your Fleaes.
Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Kitchin-stuffe maids,
Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Ha you any Wood to cleave?
Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Ha white Radish, white
hard Lettice, white young Onions.
Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.

I ha Rock-Sampier, Rock-Sampier.
Thus go the cries in Rome *faire towne,*
Firſt they go up ſtreet, and then they go downe.
Buy a Mat, a Mil. mat,
Mat, a Haſock for your pew,
A ſtopple for a cloſe ſtoole,
Or a Peſock to thruſt your feet in.
Thus go the cries in Rome *faire towne,*
Firſt they go up ſtreet, and then they go downe,
whiting maids whiting.
Thus go the cries in Rome *faire towne,*
Firſt they go up ſtreet, and then they go downe.
Hot fine Oat-cakes, hot.
Thus go the cries in Rome *faire towne,*
Firſt they go up ſtreet, and then they go downe.
Small-Coales here.
Thus go the cries in Rome *faire towne,*
Firſt they go up ſtreet, and then they go downe.
Will you buy any Milke to day.
Thus go the cries in Rome *faire towne,*
Firſt they go up ſtreet, and then they go downe.
Lanthorne and Candle light here
Maid, a light here.
Thus go the cries in Rome *faire towne,*
Firſt they go up ſtreet, and then they go downe.
Here lies a company of very poore
Women, in the dark dungeon,
Hungry cold and comfortleſſe night and day,
Pity the poore women in the dark dungeon.
Thus go the cries where they do houſe them,
Firſt they come to the grate, and then
They go lowſe them.

The second Song.

Ariſe, ariſe, my Iuggie my Puggie,
ariſe get up my deare,
The weather is cold, it blowes, it ſnowes,
oh let me be lodged here.
My Iuggie my Puggie, my hony my cony,
my love, my dove, my deare,
Oh oh, the weather is cold, it blowes, it ſnowes,
oh oh, let me lodged here.

Begon, begon, my Willie, my Billie,
begon, begon my deare,
The weather is warme, 'twill do thee no harme,
thou canſt not be lodged here.
My Willy, my Billie, my hony my cony,
my love, my dove, my deare,
Oh oh, the weather is warme, 'twill do thee no harme
oh oh, thou canſt not be lodged here.

Farewell, farewell, my Iuggie, my Puggie,
farewell, farewell my deare,
Then will I begon from whence that I came,
if I cannot be lodged here.
My Iuggie my Puggie, my hony, my cony,
my love, my dove, my deare,
Oh oh, then will I be gone, from whence that I came,
oh oh, if I cannot be lodged here.

Returne, returne my Willy, my Billy,
returne my dove and my deare,
The weather doth change, then ſeeme not ſtrange,
thou ſhalt be lodged here.
My Willie, my Bille, my hony, my cony.
my love, my dove, my deare,
Oh oh, the weather doth change then ſeem not ſtrange,
oh oh, and thou ſhalt be lodged here.

FINIS.